THE

COLLECTOR;

OR,

ELEGANT ANECDOTES,

AND OTHER

CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.

WITH

OCCASIONAL OBSERVATIONS.

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OR,

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THE

COLLECTOR;

OR,

ELEGANT ANECDOTES, &c.

ANCIENT METHOD OF READING.

THE ancients, says an acute French writer, having fewer books than us, employed their time better; and read more, or more to the purpose. They were accustomed, while reading, to mark the passages which pleased them with a letter of the Greek alphabet; an X, (or χ,) which the French—and the English may be added—have thought proper to represent by C H, two letters, the collective sounds of which do not at all resemble that of the Greek letter. This X signifies the word χρηστον, or Useful. These ancients would have read, in our days, thousands of pamphlets, without feeling the smallest inclination to mark the margins with a single X. But their inclinations are not, any part of our present enquiry.

They

They afterwards proceeded to make collections of these marked passages, which they named χρηστομαθείας; that is, Chrestomathias, or a Collection of Useful Things. The learned in *us*, are acquainted with the Chrestomathias of Helladius, the Chrestomathias of Stobæus, &c. This title, however, was at length given to rhapsodies of no utility; for it is with books, as with men, they may be crammed to indigestion, with grammatical crudities.

PSAMMENITUS, KING OF EGYPT.

THIS unfortunate sovereign succeeded to the throne of his father, Amasis, about the year 526 before Christ. Cambyses, the son of Cyrus, declared war against him; and, availing himself of the superstitions of the Egyptians, by placing in his front ranks, cats, dogs, sheep, and other animals, which they considered as sacred, and feared to injure, put the armies of Psammenitus to flight, sacked his cities, made him and his family prisoners, and took possession of the kingdom. After thus plundering the unhappy man, this tyrant, one of the most unfeeling wretches that ever disgraced the earth, sent the daughter of Psammenitus, meanly clad, and accompanied by other illustrious virgins of Egypt, to

to draw water at the public wells, in the presence of their parents, that he might thus torture them with the sad spectacle. All expressed frantic grief, except Psammenitus: he, alone, cast down his eyes in silence. His son was then ordered to pass before him in chains; but still Psammenitus, contained himself. At length, his eye happened to glance by accident on one of his oldest and best friends, who was imploring the charitable donations of passengers. At this sight, springing forward, he embraced the poor old man, and wept aloud. Cambyses, prompted by curiosity; demanded to know why he, who had been a silent spectator of his children's sufferings, should so greatly lament the distress of an old man—" Son of Cyrus," said he, " domestic woes press too heavy to admit of tears; which now flow for him who, from a state of opulence, is reduced to poverty, even at the extreme verge of old age."

It is painful to add, that Cambyses, soon after this, having heard, or pretended to have heard, what was natural to be expected, that Psammenitus secretly wished to remount his throne, which he had only possessed six months, the abominable tyrant ordered the unhappy monarch to be immediately put to death.

A SECRET DIVULGED.

AFTER Peter the Great had brought the Swedish war to a glorious conclusion, he resolved to avail himself of the troubles in Persia, and to march against the sophy. He discovered his design to no other persons than the empress, and his favourite Manchicoff; with whom, when he made he communication, he was quite alone. "I have entrusted my secret," said he, "only to you, and forbid you to speak of it to any one."

In a few days afterwards, being with one of his dentchtschicks, and meditating on the means of successfully executing his great designs, he asked if there were any news. "None, sire," was the answer, "except that we are going to march against the Persians."—"What!" replied the emperor, with emotion, "march against the Persians! Tell me, instantly, from whom you had that falsity?"—"From the empress's parrot, sire: I heard it, yesterday, while I was in the antichamber, repeat several times—"*Ei Persi padiom!*" That is, "we will march into Persia."

Peter sent immediately for Prince Menchicoff, to attend him in the apartment of the empress; where he told them that, as the secret with which he had entrusted them was certainly divulged, he must

must insist on knowing to whom they had mentioned it.

Catharine, and Menchicoff, both solemnly protested, that they had not opened their lips on the subject; and the czar, convinced of their innocence, turned towards the parrot—"Here," said he, "is the traitor, as my dentchtschick has just informed me. In our conversation, I frequently said—"We will march into Persia, and the rogue has remembered and repeated it. You must remove him from your apartment," added he, to the empress, laughing; "for it is necessary that we should be on our guard against babblers as well as traitors."

This anecdote was communicated to Mr. Stæhlin, Member of the Imperial Academy at Petersburgh—from whose collection of Original Anecdotes of Peter the Great it is translated—by Count Gregory Tchernitschoff, a senator and knight of the Russian orders; who rose, in the reign of Peter the Great, from the rank of ensign, to the command of the army. He served in all the campaigns of the war with Sweden, and was the general who took Vibourg, with many other places. He was almost constantly near the person of his imperial master, and received many letters from the czar, written with his own hand, which are carefully preserved by the illustrious

descendants of the count, who died, at Petersburgh, in 1743, at a very advanced age.

TIME TO TERMINATE WAR.

CYNEAS, that he might divert Pyrrhus from his immoderate passion for war, took an opportunity to reason thus with that monarch—"Should you conquer the Romans, what will be your next object?"—"Then," replied Pyrrhus, "we will subdue all Italy."—"Italy seized, what next?"—"Sicily must be the next."—"Will these compleat your designs?"—"By no means! they are only preludes to greater; Lybia and Carthage remain."—"And then?"—"Aye, then, we shall be merry, and rest in peace."—"And why, O Pyrrhus!" concluded Cyneas, "will you not now be merry, and rest in peace?"

This celebrated minister of Pyrrhus, who was a native of Thessaly, and disciple to Demosthenes, had equal reputation as a philosopher, an orator, and a statesman. Pliny notices his memory as prodigious. The day after his arrival at Rome, on an embassy from Pyrrhus, he is said to have addressed all the senators and knights, each of them by name.

Pyrrhus once said to him—"You, Cyneas, have

have taken more cities by your eloquence, than I by my arms."

BREACH OF TREATIES.

When Tissaphernes, general of the Persians, had found it necessary to conclude a treaty of peace with Agesilaus, king of Sparta, which he afterwards broke for convenience; Agesilaus, on receiving the intelligence, immediately exclaimed—in a sentence which ought to be written with letters of gold, for the benefit of modern courts as well as commanders—"I thank thee, Tissaphernes, for putting the Gods on my side."

SPEECH WITHOUT THE TONGUE.

It has been commonly thought, that it is impossible to speak without the tongue. This opinion, however, is encountered by facts in which there is neither miracle nor deceit.

In 1742, Margaret Cutting, then twenty-four years old, and living at Wickam Market, in the county of Suffolk, spoke with great ease, and sufficiently intelligible, though she had lost her entire tongue, by a cancer, when only four years of age. The fact, and the proofs, are recorded in

in the Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society of London for the same year.

When Mr. Scotchmore, the surgeon, at Saxmundham, had received all the tongue in a plate, the little girl cried out, distinctly—"Do not be frightened, mamma, it will soon grow again." On the examination, in 1742, there was not any remains either of the tongue or palate. Many intelligent witnesses, skilled in anatomy, and of irreproachable character, confirmed this account, and declared that Margaret Cutting pronounced, and clearly articulated, the most difficult words.

Drelincourt, the French physician, in his Treatise on the Small Pox, mentions the case of a child who, at eight years of age, lost her tongue by this terrible disease, and afterwards spoke as well as ever: in proof of this fact, he appeals to all the faculty of Saumur; and it is attested, by them, in the Ephemerides Germanicæ, under the title of Aglossostomographia, or a Description of the Extraction of the Tongue.

To these examples may be added, what is said by the Emperor Justin, in his Code, tit. de Off. Præf. respecting a man who had his tongue cut out to the root, and yet spoke; as well as several others, whom Honorius, King of the Vandals, had caused to undergo this cruel operation,

and

and who talked, notwithstanding, as well as before.

Monsieur De Jussu has published, in the Memoirs of the Royal Society, at Paris, for 1718, his account of the manner in which a girl spoke, who had been born without any tongue.

A French writer relates, that the hereditary prince of one of the German states, aged only eight years, having heard his tutor discoursing with a skilful surgeon, on the subject of persons who spoke after losing their tongues, cried out, suddenly, clapping his hands together—"Good, good! I no longer fear." The surgeon, who never suspected that the child had paid the smallest attention to a serious conversation, to which he had not the appearance of listening, asked him, from what fear he was delivered. "My tutor," replied the prince, "is every day threatening to cut out my tongue, which he calls my wicked tongue. I have not yet dared to abuse him, because I was afraid of the injury; but, now, should he ever venture to cut out my tongue, he may depend on it, I will have the pleasure of calling him all the names which come into my head. Of what can he complain? I shall no longer have a wicked tongue."

I am egregiously mistaken, says the writer of this

this anecdote, should the youth grow up, if he will not occupy a distinguished place in history.

THE IGNORANT.

THE ignorant man, who is yet sensible of his ignorance, and who listens, reads, and speaks, to improve himself, is an estimable character, and now very rarely to be met with The ignorant, who regards nothing but words; and who harangues, instead of asking information, is a very troublesome person. If he decides magisterially on every thing, he is impertinent. If he publishes, with the pretence of teaching science, a dull fallacious discourse, he becomes the next day a fashionable professor; and, in a fortnight, an illustrious man. If he erects on this precious foundation, a grand portion of egotism, an authoritative tone, pretensions to universality, the faculty of being often unintelligible, the art of refining trifles, and the ceaseless vanity of instructing nations, administrations, and potentates, he is a philosopher of the latter end of the eighteenth century. If he talks continually of genius, he is certainly a most sublime genius—but it is only for fools.

IMPROVEMENT OF THE PRESENT AGE.

THE present age, if we may judge by the progress lately made among the nations of Europe, far exceeds every preceding period.

The public-houses, coffee-houses, and taverns, of London, says the ingenious French writer who has made this remark, bear some affinity to the Athenian politics; it is in these famous places, that they discuss matters of the first importance.

Some speculative Englishmen were one day assembled at a tavern; and united to maintain, that the present age greatly surpassed former times. One, only, had not yet ventured to give his opinion. He was asked, if he did not feel convinced that they were in the right. "Pardon me, gentlemen," replied he, "all my remarks, for more than thirty years, oblige me to be convinced. Already, the Germans begin to think that a bed should be more than five feet long, to sleep on it at ease; and that, to procure repose, it is unnecessary to stifle themselves between two feather-beds. Already, some men of merit in the north, have discovered that it is less inconvenient to take up fire-brands with a pair of tongs than with their hands; as well as, that it

is more delicate to blow their noses in a handkerchief than with their fingers. Already, some Italians begin to neglect providing a cicisbeo for their wives; and venture, of an evening, to take something more than chocolate. Already, some Englishmen cease to drive against each other in the street, like the motion of so many battering-rams; and begin to discover that, in order to live agreeably, there is not the smallest necessity to hang themselves. Already, some few Frenchmen admit, that it is not very absurd to learn the language of strangers; that there may be common sense elsewhere, as well as at Paris; and that impertinence and stupidity do not flourish in all places alike. Already, some Spaniards begin to work; and perform, in a month, what takes other people twenty-four hours. Already, some Swiss, are less Swiss. Already, some Hollanders neglect smoking; and are disposed to give us, in fifty folio volumes, the reflections which the citizens of Amsterdam have made while smoking. How, then, amidst all these happy changes, can you suppose it possible for me not to acknowledge the improvement of the age!"

CEREMONY AND CIVILITY.

CIVILITY is the manner of rendering what is

is due to every person, respectively, according to birth, quality, age, or merit. This may be defined, a knowledge of the world, or good breeding; and is the characteristic of a gentleman, or a gentlewoman.

Ceremony, on the contrary, is a complicated collection of punctilios, about words and actions; which keep us constantly on the watch, and are the despotic controulers of conversation. These arbitrary rules for speaking and acting, which in some situations are highly absurd, are denominated Civilities; whereas, in fact, they are, when properly considered, the most egregious trifles that can possibly occupy the attention of civilized society. Ceremony, therefore, may be defined, a contracted acquaintance with the world in general; and is a distinguished trait in coxcombs, and courtezans: the former, possessing consummate assurance, always assume the name of gentlemen; the latter are all ladies, but never gentlewomen.

Italy, emasculated Italy! possessing Rome, yet retaining little that is valuable of Roman manners, is so peculiarly nice in these affairs, that her ceremoniousness renders the people ridiculous. Not that the Italians possess nothing valuable: their country is pleasant, their houses are charming; their life is easy; and they enjoy such

a sweet repose, that their hearts may keep always calm. But their ceremoniousness corrupts every thing; and ought to be banished, as the amusement of frivolous wits, whose capacities are suited to the observance of these etiquettes, which are by no means to be regarded by any person of honour.

The Ceremoniale, however, observes St. Evremond, is held in such great veneration, by the Italians, that it is far more attended to than the Gospel; and he adds, as an instance, that a friend of his, being one day in a familiar conversation, with two or three natives of this country—"When we treat of Religion," said he, "we may sometimes make a little free; but—" laying his finger on his mouth—"when we treat of Ceremonies, we must be very cautious what we say!"

Monsieur St. Evremond gives the following curious account of a visit in which he accompanied a foreign princess to the lodgings of Madame De Morstain, ambassador and grand treasurer of Poland.

The princess having sent to desire an audience, went next day at the hour appointed. The instant she approached the gate, a Swiss servant rung a bell, which made the domestics spring out on all sides; who made a lane along the court,

and

and up the stairs, through which the princess, to whom I gave my hand, immediately passed. When we reached the hall-door, Monsieur De Morstain, who waited there, took the princess by the hand, and conducted her, through a long gallery, to the apartments of Madame De Morstain, his wife; who received her at the chamber-door, and led her by the hand to the great chair, which was prepared for her under a canopy. The conversation being ended, Madame De Morstain conducted the princess through the long gallery before mentioned, as far as the hall-door; and then the princess led Madame De Morstain back again into her chamber, as far as the great chair: when Madame De Morstain reconducted the Princess as far only as the chamber-door, where they parted; and Monsieur de Morstain gave her his hand, till they came to the hall-door where she first received it. At length, I took her by the hand, and led her to her coach, through the same lane of domestics as before, being attended by the gentlemen ushers of the grand treasurer.

To come off with honour, adds he, in such visits as this, it is necessary that a man should have practised these ceremonies during half his life.

There is a curious anecdote respecting Dr. Johnson,

Johnson, and Madame De Boufflers; which places that great man in a very ludicrous situation, owing to his over-attention to ceremony, a little too late, on this occasion: for, though he was, in general, one of the greatest despisers of ceremony, he could, when he thought proper to be particular, act with all the dignified manners, or civility, of an accomplished gentleman.

When Madame De Boufflers first visited England, she was desirous to see Dr. Johnson. She accordingly went, accompanied by their mutual friend, Mr. Beauclerk, to the doctor's chambers in the Temple, where she was for some time entertained with his conversation. When the visit was over, and she had quitted the place, with her conductor, they suddenly heard a thundering noise: this, it seems, was occasioned by Johnson; who had, after a little recollection, taken into his head—what a little more might possibly have taken out, considering his dress and appearance—that it was proper for him to do the honours of his literary residence to a foreign woman of quality. Eager, therefore, to shew himself a man of gallantry, he was hurrying down the stair-case in violent agitation: and, having overtaken them before they reached the Temple gate, though only in a rusty brown morning-dress, with a pair of old shoes by way of slippers,

pers, a little shrivelled wig sticking on the top of his head, and the sleeves of his shirt and knees of his breeches hanging loose; he actually brushed in between Beauclerk and the lady, seized her hand, and conducted her to her coach, in the presence of a considerable crowd, who were very naturally attracted by the singularity of such a scene.

In short, without enlarging on the embarrassments, and aukward situations, to which the possessors of the greatest minds may be subjected, by attending to trifles in every sense unworthy of their notice; it is clear that, as nothing can be more agreeable than civility, so nothing can be more troublesome than ceremony. A gentleman of easy manners, who conducts himself in company with a reasonable circumspection, and is courteous but without constraint, renders conversation pleasant, because all who are present find themselves at ease with him. But ceremonious persons are the bane of social intercourse, and a continual check on feeling and ingenuous minds. They require too much attention for an honest man to live at ease with them, since he can never be certain of giving them the smallest satisfaction: they are always discovering something amiss, or something which offends their ridiculous pride; either we pay them too little attention,

attention, or we pay too much attention to others; and we never know how to satisfy their frivolous dispositions. On the whole, ceremony is a mere invention of vanity, and pride, calculated to teaze men with childish fancies; respecting which, those have most reason to blush, by whom they are most regarded.

CABINET COUNCIL OF CASTILLE.

THE following very curious account of the Cabinet Council of Castille, in Spain, is given by the celebrated Abbé Millot, in his Memoires Politiques et Militaires du Duc de Noailles, published at Paris in 1777.

Every Friday, the Council of Castille assemble in the Royal Chamber. The King enters, and, finding the grandees on their knees, sits down, and thus addresses them—"Rise." They rise up. "Be seated." They sit down. "Be covered." They put on their hats. Nothing more than this is ever said. Philip V. grandson of Louis XIV. being newly arrived in Spain, and expressing his surprise to the president, asked him if they never transacted any business in this assembly. The president replied, that they had done nothing more since the reign of Charles

Charles II. but that, in the time of Philip IV. he had sometimes expounded to the king the opinions of the council. "And what did Philip IV. say?"—He said, "That is well."—"For my part, I shall say, if I find it thus,—and, even if I find it otherwise, I shall still say,—that it is very bad, indeed!"

It is to be feared however, that there are many council chambers, in Europe, where the time is not always quite so inoffensively employed as by the grave grandees of the Council of Castille.

A German anecdote will serve partly to confirm this observation, and partly to keep in countenance the Spanish grandees.

One of the princes of the empire, who had not inherited the sovereignty more than about five or six months, resigned himself almost wholly to pleasure, and never assisted at the councils of state. He happened, however, one day, to approach the council chamber at a moment when the door-keeper was absent. Having listened a short time, unperceived, he found all his counsellors of state were discoursing with each other on their own affairs; but, the instant he appeared, there was a sudden and most profound silence. "On what are you debating?" said the prince. Every one secretly

fearing to be accused of falshood, by some brother member, after the council should break up, no one dared to mention what he had said; and their astonishment left them without sufficient presence of mind to invent immediately a plausible subject of pretended discussion. The prince, who perceived their situation, immediately addressed himself to a particular member, and desired to know of what he who sat next had been speaking; and thus, before he got half round, he became compleatly satisfied that these worthy gentlemen had been only conversing together about their own private business or pleasures, and he did not scruple to tell them that it was what he expected. "But how," said he, "do you contrive to have always ready, at the close of these conferences, so many memorials, addressed to me; so many resolutions entered into by you, and given me to sign and to seal; after sittings thus usefully employed?"—"Oh! a little common sense," cried one of the least timid, "and a slight glance of the eye, is sufficient for us."—"Indeed!" replied the prince, regarding them all with an air of the most perfect satisfaction. "Well, then," proceeded he, "since the government of my states is a thing so easy, I will in future manage it without your assistance."

From

From that moment, he has invariably found, that he could not do better than to become his own prime-minister, and his subjects every day bless him.

NEW SPECIES OF LANTHORN FLIES.

THE Luciola, in Italy, is a fly far more luminous than our glow-worm. Five or six of these insects, would make large type legible in the darkest night. They are seen, during summer, flying by millions, in the island of Corsica, as well as beyond the Alps. The lanthorn carrier of America, commonly called the lanthorn fly, prodigiously surpasses the luciola. The light is in it's head; and a single fly, just as nature has made it, if that expression may be risqued—these insects being a sort of little animal stars—is all that a man need require, to read, however dark, the finest writing, as well as to conduct him every where.

With what admiration of themselves, do certain philosophical flutterers announce their frivolous conceits, relative to the arts, the sciences, the manners, and the laws! Do they not, in effect, assert that the sun of reason is obscured; that it is extinguished in Europe; and that there is no other light to be obtained, than what

issues from the heads of this new species of lanthorn flies?

It is by no means wonderful, every thing considered, that many persons are disposed to call them the light-headed philosophers!

FIRST ENGLISH COLLECTOR OF NATURAL CURIOSITIES.

THE church-yard of Lambeth, which is close to the palace of the Archbishop of Canterbury, contains a tomb which, says Mr. Pennant, the celebrated naturalist, in his account of London, "no naturalist should neglect to visit; that of old John Tradescant, and his son, who both lived in this parish. The elder," he remarks, "was the first person who ever formed a cabinet of curiosities in this kingdom, and he is said to have been gardener to Charles I. But Parkinson, in his Paradisus Terrestris, mentions him as having first lived with the Earl of Salisbury; then with Lord Wotton, of Canterbury; and, lastly, with the Duke of Buckingham.

Both father and son were great travellers; the father is supposed to have visited Russia, and most parts of Europe, Turkey, Greece, many of the Eastern countries, Egypt, and Barbary; out of which he introduced multitudes of plants

and

and flowers, unknown before in our gardens. His was an age of florists; and the chief ornaments of the parterres were owing to his labours. Parkinson continually acknowledges the obligation, and many plants were called after his name: the system of Linnæus has rendered these almost obsolete; but that great naturalist makes full reparation, by giving, in his Species Plantarum, to an entire genus of plants, the title of Tradescantia.

The Museum Tradescantium, a small book, adorned by the hand of Hollar, with the heads of the father and the son, affords a proof of their industry. It is a catalogue of their vast collection, not only of subjects from the three kingdoms of nature; but of artificial rarities from many different countries. The collection of medals, coins, and other antiquities, appears to have been very valuable. Zoology, or the knowledge of animated nature, was then in a low state; and Credulity, though smarting under the blow given to her by the Reformation, had still no want of supporters. For the gratification of such, there was an egg of a dragon, and another of the griffin; there was a claw of the ruck, a bird able to "trusse an elephant;" and there were, also, two feathers plucked from the tail of the phœnix!

Notwithstanding

Notwithstanding these absurd descriptions—probably the offspring of their literary friend Parkinson's pericranium—the collection was extremely valuable; particularly, in the vegetable kingdom. The garden at South Lambeth, was an amazing arrangement of trees, plants, and flowers. It seems to have been peculiarly rich in Eastern and North American productions. Tradescant's address and assiduity in acquiring these must necessarily have been great, from the barbarity which he had to encounter in traveling among the natives of the East, and from the recent settlement of North America. The names, however, of numerous trees and plants, are still found among the rarer of much later times. To him, also, England owes the luxury of several fine fruits: "for," as Parkinson tells us, in his Paradisus Terrestris, or Terrestrial Paradise, "the choysest for goodnesse, and *rarest for knowledge*, are to be had of my very good friend Master John Tradescante, who hath wonderfully laboured to obtaine all the rarest fruits he can heare off, in any place of Christendome, Turkey, yea, or the whole world."

Without the smallest inclination to disbelieve, that Master John Tradescante's fruit was the "choysest for goodnesse;" as Parkinson, it may be taken for granted, had often tasted it, at his

"very

" very good friend's;" we shall hope, not to be considered as quite infidels, if we presume, for the same reason, to entertain a few doubts as to it's being "*rarest for knowledge.*" Parkinson appears to have been a proper man for Paradise: he was acquainted with every tree, plant, and flower; but "of the fruit of the tree of knowledge he was not permitted to taste."

Tradescant's extensive garden, as well as his cabinet, was much visited: and a few years after his death, in 1652, his collection came into the possession of the famous Mr. Elias Ashmole, by virtue of a deed of gift which was made to him by the younger Tradescant, and is dated in true astrological form, December 16, 1657, 5 hor. 30 minutes post merid. Mr. Ashmole also purchased the house, which is still in being; but the garden fell to decay. The spot, however, was visited, in 1749, by Sir Willam Watson, and Dr. Mitchell, two respectable members of the Royal Society; when they found, among the ruins, some trees and plants which had evidently been introduced by the original owner.

The curiosities being conveyed to Oxford, are still carefully preserved in the Ashmolean Museum. Among these, are several original dresses and weapons of the North Americans, which

may

may assist to illustrate their manners and antiquities.

The monument of the Tradescants was erected in 1662, by Esther, relict of the son. At each corner a large tree is sculptured, which has the appearance of supporting the slab: at one end is a hydra, pecking at a bare skull, possibly designed as an emblem of Envy; and, at the other, the arms of the family. On one side are ruins, Grecian pillars, and capitals, with an obelisk, and pyramid, to denote the extent of his travels; and, on the opposite, is a crocodile, with various shells, expressive of his attachment to the study of natural history.

Time having greatly injured this monument, it was liberally restored, at the expence of the parish, in the year 1773; and an inscription, said to have been originally designed for it, was then engraved on the stone.

Though, from the stile of the versification, it would not greatly add to the literary fame of Parkinson—who may, possibly, after all, have been the author—being at once singular and historical, it is here presented.

" Know, stranger, ere thou pass, beneath this stone,
Lye John Tradescant, grandsire, father, son.
The last dy'd in his spring; the other two
Liv'd till they had travell'd art and nature through,

As

As by their choice collections may appear,
Of what is rare, in land, in sea, in air;
Whilst they (as Homer's Iliad in a nut)
A world of wonders in one closet shut.
These famous antiquarians, that had been
Both gardeners to the rose and lily queen,
Transplanted now themselves, sleep here; and when
Angels shall with their trumpets waken men,
And fire shall purge the world, these hence shall rise,
And change their garden for a paradise."

THE SCRUPULOUS JEW.

MONSIEUR le President de Montesquieu, being in London, went to visit a rich Jew banker, whom he found carefully whetting a knife, intended by the Israelite for some Jewish act of discipline. M. De Montesquieu asked him why he sharpened his knife with such abundant care. The Jew replied, that it was necessary, in compliance with the sacred ordinance, for the knife to be without a single notch. M. De Montesquieu then begged him to proceed. When the scrupulous Jew was at length contented with the blade, the president, taking out a magnifying glass, made him behold numerous deep notches, where the naked eye could perceive only the finest edge. "Ah! Monsieur De Montesquieu," cried

the affrighted Israelite; "it is an actual saw! You have made me miserable; and what remorse you give me for the past! I must recommence my labour."—"Make yourself easy," replied M. De Montesquieu, "and consider your knife as sufficiently sharpened. Do you imagine that He who made your laws cannot make use of glasses?"

Notwithstanding the apparent levity of this anecdote, which may seem, on reflecting from from what Source the Jewish laws are derived, too nearly approaching profanity; it is, like many other brilliant flashes of genuine wit, susceptive of a moral which even the speaker might possibly never perceive. The great man, like his friend the Jew, was only solicitous to cut with a keen edge.

MERIT IN OBSCURITY.

Count Charles Gustavus Tessin mentions, in his Letters, that during the reign of Christina, Queen of Sweden, a French painter, named Bourdon, happening to be in that country, found five pictures by Corregio in the Royal stables, where they served only to stop up the windows. Christina knew so little, or so little at that time suspected the value of these pictures, that she immediately

immediately presented them to the painter, and they are still in the Orleans Gallery, with the rest of Christina's cabinet.

Such mistakes are infinitely more frequent in courts, with respect to merit and virtue, than to the chefs-d'oeuvres of artists. How many men of talents are there, in degraded and obscure situations, more unworthy to remain neglected than these five pictures? Sovereigns know less of men than of painting.

PORTUGUESE ACADEMY OF SCIENCE.

FROM a work, published under the title of Portugiefiche Grammatik, written by M. De Junk, who was in Portugal, with the late Count De Schaumbourg-la-Lippe, and commanded a corps of volunteers raised by himself, in 1762, we have taken the following curious account.

The Historical Academy, founded in Portugal by King John V. we a long time occupied in serious researches, on questions equally interesting with this—" What part of the human body is it which, after having been indifferent, as to political economy, during many ages, has become suddenly, and in our days, extremely important to the state?" Answer—" It is the nose, since the introduction of tobacco!"

This illustrious academy have not yet produced more than two volumes in folio on the vulgar Portuguese name of the glow-worm; Noctiluca; Cagalume. It was proposed to adopt that of Pyrilampo; but, after many very grave reasons for and against, they decided that they ought to prefer those of Nouteluz and Bicholuzente. These two volumes in folio are dedicated to God the Father, to God the Son, and to God the Holy Ghost; to each of whom there is addressed a Dedication.

In conformity with this state of academical sagacity, in the Portuguese, is the account of their military commander in chief, which is also extracted from M. De Junk's Portugiefiche Grammatik.

No less a personage than St. Anthony, in propriâ personâ, is Marshal General of the troops of Portugal. In 1706, the saint was made a soldier, subaltern, and captain; and, being dressed up, in the successive uniforms of the several gradations of rank, he was at length elevated to that of Marshal General, with a pension of a hundred and fifty ducats. The first cannon-ball fired by the army of the Duke of Brunswick, unfortunately took off the head of the holy general, who had been placed in an open chaise! It is said, that the pay of this sacred officer

officer is still punctually deposited by the sovereign, at the chapel royal, every year, in a purse of red velvet.

What a pity it is, that such gross ignorance should so long have pervaded a country which, almost three centuries ago, could give birth to Camoens!

PHILOSOPHICAL USURY.

Poggio Bracciolini, usually called Poggi, a celebrated Italian wit of the fourteenth century, in his famous Facetiæ, has the following anecdote.

There was a usurer at Venice, who always exclaimed against usurers; and was perpetually importuning the most popular preacher, in that city, not to spare those gentry in his sermons. The preacher, unable to reconcile such a request with what he well knew to be the practice of the man; frankly asked him his reason. "It is," said the usurer, my very good friend, because there are so many usurers in this city, that I gain little or nothing; but, if your sermons should have the good fortune to correct the vice of usury in them, every body will then come to me."

The false philosophers have exactly the same motive,

motive, and no other, when they recommend probity—their own personal interest.

This man, therefore, most unquestionably merited the appellation of the philosophical usurer.

SYMBOLS OF THE FRIENDSHIPS OF SOVEREIGNS.

For the following anecdote of Voltaire, we are indebted to an intelligent French officer, who is also a wit, and a man of letters. We shall give it as literally as possible, in the words of the ingenious narrator: after observing that, from the brilliancy of the wit which it comprehends, and the period when it blazed forth—that of his final illness—it may be considered as a display of those superlatively radiant coruscations, which are seen in the last struggles of the expiring lamp, previous to it's being extinguished for ever!

Monsieur De Voltaire, on shewing me, at Ferney, his bust in the Berlin porcelaine, which Frederic II. King of Prussia had sent him, observing that I read the word IMMORTALIS, which had been written in letters of gold—"Ah!" said the old man, who was then lying on his bed, "it is the signature of him who gave

gave it." A moment afterwards, he said—"This great king made me very fragile presents; they are symbols of the friendships of kings."

Though this, at the bottom, is of the true spirit of him who made it, I would not, adds this very sensible Frenchman, willingly forget these two sallies.

THE WISE, AT THE DECLINE OF LIFE, LOSE EVERY DAY AN EYE.

Monsieur De Montesquieu said to the Baron De Bielfield—"My friend, I lose every day an eye." The baron, who relates this phrase in his Letters, most probably, only repeats it for the sake of naming Montesquieu, and citing the "my friend" of a great man; a stale trick of vanity among those whose talents rise not above mediocrity. But, if philosophically considered, this sentiment is exquisite. All our faculties are instruments of knowledge; and, to know, is to see: thus, age takes away, successively, all our faculties; or, in the phrase of Montesquieu, makes us "every day lose an eye."

While, therefore, we condemn the ostentation which occasioned this fine sentiment of Montesquieu's to be preserved; let us not forget that,

for

for our knowledge of the sentiment itself, we are indebted to the Baron De Bielfield.

POISONOUS QUALITY IN THE SALIVA OF AN INDIAN KING.

I have read, somewhere, says a French writer, a very singular fact, respecting an Indian king, who is described as having been so venomous, that he had only to spit on any person, to occasion his death. How then, adds our author, could this king himself live?

Nothing like this appears credible in physics; but nothing is more true, if we attend to the moral, or metaphor: and, for that, it is not in the smallest degree necessary that the sovereign should be venomous. There are few courtiers who, on the appearance only of such an intended insult, even from the best of princes, would not immediately feel indisposed, and most probably fall victims to the malady.

On this subject there is a very interesting anecdote, which will not be unacceptable to the reader.

The King of Poland, Elector of Saxony, had a particular esteem for a young Polish count, who had rendered him important services. Every time the king saw this young nobleman, he conversed

conversed with him very familiarly; and, while they talked, his majesty, as a peculiar mark of friendship, placed one of his hands on the shoulder of the young count. It happened that the king, being one day previously occupied with other ideas, only spoke, in passing, a few words to the count, and did not touch his shoulder as usual. Three or four days afterwards, being astonished, and uneasy, at not having since seen him, the king sent to enquire of his welfare. A fatal melancholy had seized the young man, on quitting this last audience; and, when he was informed of his majesty's kind solicitude, a sudden and violent transport of joy, put the finishing stroke to the destructive ravages of an excessive and concentrated grief. The cause of this catastrophe was carefully concealed from the king; his sensibility would have received too rude a shock. His Majesty was told, that the count had died in an apoplectic fit.

How many courtiers are there, in all countries, to whom the sense of disgrace is a sure poison, more or less slow!

A HORSE TAKEN FOR A MAN.

A coachman was driving, towards the evening, in Paris, with extreme rapidity. This

swift driving, we cannot but observe, at once so dangerous, and so seldom necessary, is grown more than ever the fashion, since there are so many gentry who do nothing become misers of their time. The horse of a great man had fallen down in the street, and the great man was giving to his horse those tender attentions which it is more than probable he would not have bestowed on any one of his servants. The coach, which came furiously along, was about to pass over the prostrate animal, when the owner of the horse gave the coachman a severe blow with the blade of his sword; exclaiming, at the same time—"Villain! do you not see the horse?"—"Pardon me, your honour," replied the terrified coachman; "my sight is very bad, but I thought it was only a man!" This fact is related in a pamphlet, published a few years since at Paris, under the title of Brutus on Carriages.

The answer of the coachman is sublimely horrible; and paints, in a most lively manner, the little estimation which is made of men. These horses, left to themselves, would never trample over a human body. It cannot be too often repeated, that luxury renders destitute of pity, both those who wallow in wealth, and those who serve them, that it's destructive influence may not fail to pervade every thing!

THE SAUSAGE-MAKER OF ARISTOPHANES.

THE great father of dramatic satire, in the first act, and second scene, of his comedy, In Equitibus, has a singular whim. He introduces a principal personage of his play, endeavouring to persuade a man who made sausages to resolve on meddling with affairs of state. The man, astonished at his discourse, asks why he would despise and laugh at a poor fellow who had never employed his thoughts or time in any thing but making sausages. On which, Aristophanes puts this speech into the mouth of the other character—"Behold all these ranks of people! you shall be a great leader and chief among them; you shall tread on the senate, and tie up the hands of our generals!"—"Who, I?" cries the sausage-maker. "Yes, you shall do it," continues the other. "Get on this table, where you make your sausages, and look all about you. Do you see, in that prospect, the custom-house, and all those ships laden with merchandize?"—"See them! yes, certainly; what then?"—"Why, all those things shall be sold and disposed of by you. The oracle says you shall be a very great man."—"How should that be, for Heaven's

sake? How should I be a great man, who am but a poor sausage-maker?"—"Because you are bold and wicked."—"But I think myself unworthy of greatness."—"What does that signify! Do you take yourself to be a good or a bad man?"—"Nay, for that matter, I am bad enough!"—"I wish you joy," replies the other; "you will find yourself so much the better qualified, when you come to do business: for our commonwealth has now no sort of concern with men of learning and probity, but is wholly governed by the ignorant, impure, and immoral; therefore, do not despise what the gods tell you by their oracles, which prophesy very great honours that will be done to persons of your trade."—"But how is it possible that I should govern the people?"—"With all the ease in the world! Do only what you are used to do; mix, jumble, disturb, and confound, every thing! Feign and invent whatever you please, to deceive and suit the taste of the rabble; and, for the rest, you have a great many talents which are proper to gain their favour: you have a false tongue, and a mischievous and unlucky understanding; you have, also, some small smattering in the law; in short, you have all the qualities which our republic wants at this time, and which are necessary to make you a very great person."

INNOCENT QUACKERY OF FONTENELLE.

THE celebrated Fontenelle used an innocent species of quackery, to render his writings fashionable in foreign countries. When any illustrious stranger, attracted by the reputation of his abilities, visited this distinguished character, the conversation naturally turning on his works, he would say, with an air of extreme diffidence—"They have only one merit, and that very trifling; but this, I dare engage, no person will dispute: it is, merely, that the French language is there seen in all it's purity." The repute of this merit could not fail greatly to recommend them, ever afterwards, to those persons who were desirous of possessing "French in all it's purity."

TREATY OF UTRECHT.

WHEN, at the treaty of Utrecht, the States General, suspecting that the French and English ministers were carrying on a clandestine negociation, signified to the former, that they should prepare to quit Holland, the Abbé De Polignac resolutely answered—"No, gentlemen, we will not stir from hence. We will treat with you, we

we will treat of you, and we will treat without you!"

Mr. Buys, however, one of the Dutch ministers, soon afterwards repaid this severe retort. On a representation being made to the French plenipotentiaries, that the states would consider it as a kind instance of his majesty's regard for them, if he would be pleased to release the protestants from the gallies and prisons; when Polignac hastily answered—"You intrude where you have no business!" and added, "if the king were to desire the states to let loose the criminals in your Rasp and Spin Houses, would not you think it strange?"—"If," replied Buys, "his most christian majesty will acknowledge the whores and rogues in those places to be his sisters and brothers, as we cordially do the suffering protestants, I will engage that all the doors shall be thrown open."

At the conclusion of this treaty, the Abbé, afterwards Cardinal De Polignac, evinced a very delicate gratitude; for, owing his nomination to the purple to the claimant of the crown of England, he obtained his sovereign's permission to leave Holland, before the final signature of a treaty which seemed utterly to destroy that person's expectations. It is remarkable, however, that not a few among the English execrated this

this treaty, as calculated for the advancement of the pretender.

A BAD BEGINNING.

MALHERBE, who was by no means an advocate for the dignity of human nature, and our natural love of virtue, after mentioning the crime of Cain, and the death of Abel, exclaimed—"See a glorious beginning! There were yet only three or four persons in the world, and one of these went and killed his brother!" This is one of those sallies which force a smile; and of which the originality is compleat, as well in the expression, as in the contrast which we feel between the gravity of the idea, and the levity of the turn.

COMPARATIVE MERITS OF LEARNED AND OF MILITARY CHARACTERS.

IN the Mercure de Paris, September 1722, is the following elegant claim of preference, for men of letters, over the professors of the military science.

"Arms have never had any thing more brilliant to boast, than the triumphal pomp with which

which ancient Rome honoured conquerors. In the mean time—shall I dare to assert it?—this superb conqueror, elevated on his car, enriched with the spoils of the enemy, and followed by enchained captives, appears to me less great than Titus Livy, surrounded by admirers, who came to Rome, from the remotest regions of the earth, to see nothing else, in that capital of the world, but this historian.

" We will, however, yield to vulgar prejudice, that the glory of arms is most dazzling; and, perhaps, it may be, in fact, more flattering than the glory of letters: but, at least, if this has less of brilliance, it has without doubt more of solidity, is more legitimate, more rare, and more lasting.

Poets and orators owe their renown only to themselves, and it is never purchased at so high a price as that of human blood. Ministers, generals, and even the private soldiers themselves, partake of the laurels of conquest; and, very frequently, he who has the honour of the victory, is not the most worthy of the conqueror's crown. Cicero, born in obscurity, pierced the dark cloud in which he was enveloped, struggled into day, and rapidly rose to the pinnacle of the Roman grandeur. Cities, provinces, and states, sought the protection of this wonderful man; even

even kings became his clients. The memory of heroes quickly perishes, if not preserved by the learned: the learned, depositories and dispensers of immortality, can immortalise their own names, without the assistance of heroes.

" Conquerors, and heroes, are comets which, after having blazed some time, and terrified the world, disappear for ever, and leave only the remembrance of a brilliant passage. The learned are stars, which have enlightened the world from the most remote antiquity. Cicero still speaks to us, instructs us, and delights us: yes, Cicero still lives, and ancient Rome lives with him."

Let us here notice, how little founded was Henry IV. King of France, when he maintained, that arms and letters could not possibly agree together; these partaking of the nature water, and those of the nature of fire. Many examples might easily be adduced, to prove that he is manifestly wrong, in the absolute sense with which he has delivered this sentiment. His decision, it has been ingeniously remarked, partakes less of reason, than of the fire and impetuosity of his own temperament.

There is a curious anecdote, on this subject, which we shall take the liberty to add.

In 1678, Boileau and Racine having during the preceding year been appointed jointly to

write the king's history, they made the campaign in Flanders, that they might be witnesses of the transactions which they were to record. Boileau, on a march, happening once to be alone with the son of the great Condé, the young prince said to him—"This glory-hunting seems to be the strangest whim in the world; it is, at best, but a chimera, never properly attained till after death, and then where is it's value? Besides, who can ever hope to reach the fame of Alexander? The greatest names have been, and ever will be, eclipsed by his. Do you know any one equal?"—"Yes, my prince," replied Boileau, "and Socrates is the man. The philosopher, though he has not written any thing, is on a level with the conqueror in point of reputation." On this, the prince, calling to a husbandman, immediately asked him if he had ever heard of Alexander. "That I have, Sir," was the reply. "Who was he?" said the prince. "Some fighting king," returned the countryman. "And who," cried the prince, "was Socrates?" The peasant shook his head, with that kind of action which seems every where to signify—"I know nothing of the matter." The prince now thought he had silenced Boileau; but the poet declared, that he would appeal to some other villager.

If

If the question is to be decided by the illiterate, Boileau, we fear, and all the advocates for the superiority of learning, are on the wrong side. It is, perhaps, not very easy, for learning itself, united with candour, to pronounce a just universal preference.

In estimating individuals, there certainly would be less difficulty: yet, perhaps, we ought still to call Alexander, the Great; and Socrates, what is greater, the Good!

BLIND SECURITY OF CHARLES THE FIRST.

THE Abbé de Longuerue assures us, that he learned from a Frenchman, a very singular circumstance respecting the life of the unfortunate Charles the First, King of England. This Frenchman, being in London, had contracted a criminal intimacy with the wife of one of the king's greatest enemies, at the time when Charles was in confinement, though then but slightly guarded. Having learned from this woman, that it was determined the king should be put to death on a scaffold; in order to avert it, he communicated the intelligence to Monsieur De Bellievre, the French ambassador, who instantly went to apprise his majesty of the danger. Monsieur De Bellievre was obliged to wait a consi-

derable time; at length, the king, who had been sleeping, came to him, and said—" I have just been at the representation of a comedy, one of the most entertaining things in the world."—" Sire!" replied Monsieur De Bellievre, " it is of a tragedy that I am come to speak." He then, after communicating all he knew, proposed to save his Majesty, by means of a boat which he engaged should find it's way beneath the house. The king coldly replied, to this proposition—" Qui procumbit humi, non habet unde cadat!"—He who is already on the ground has no where to fall. " Sire," said Monsieur De Bellievre, " his head, however, may be made to fall!"

There is no doubt that the blind security of Charles the First was excessive, since it had the shocking termination which we all know; but, if the anecdote be true, we must necessarily conclude, that the fatal confidence of this unhappy sovereign was carried to the height of absurdity. If Monsieur De Bellievre really gave him a strict and exact account of the whole, the Latin proverb had no longer any reasonable application: the question related not to falling on the earth, but to mounting on a scaffold. The retort of Monsieur De Bellievre was more than useless: he spoke of the head's falling, when he ought

ought to have repeated the whole. This piece of history, like many others, has been either ill understood, ill imagined, or ill expressed.

Charles the First, it has been observed, never knew the precise moment to act in, without which no man can be a politician. He could not be prevailed on by the Duke of Lenox his relation, and other devoted servants, to attempt an escape. "No," said he, "I have given my word to the parliament, and I will not break it." When Colonel Harrison went to fetch him from Hurst Castle, in the Isle of Wight, the night was extremely dark and tempestuous, the garrison in the greatest disorder, and a vessel was stationed for the king's use; so that, it is far from improbable, had he put himself under the care of the duke, he might have effected his escape.

COMPLIMENTS.

SUETONIUS relates, that the people of Ilium having sent, a little too late, to compliment Tiberius on the death of his only son, whom he had procured to be poisoned, the emperor replied to the deputies, that he also participated with them in the loss which they had suffered of the great

great Hector—who had been dead twelve hundred years!

Perrault tells us, that a friend of his kept always five or six letters of congratulation, or condolence, ready to seal; in which nothing remained to be done, except filling up a small blank with the word joy, or affliction: even this, however, he very frequently neglected; observing, that he rather preferred leaving that part of the business to those whom he addressed, because they knew so much better than himself which of the two words was best suited to the occasion.

The first time that Father Seraphin preached before the king, instead of addressing him with a compliment, in the usual stile, he thus spoke to him—"Sire! I am by no means ignorant of the custom, but I most humbly beseech your majesty to dispense with it. I have searched for a compliment in the scriptures, and have been so unfortunate as not to find one."

Socrates would have prudence and discretion observed even in the dispositions of beneficence. Seeing a young man who lavished his attentions without distinction, and to all who came—"The gods confound you!" cried the philosopher: "the Graces are virgins, and you are making them courtesans."

The

The following lines, from Moliere's Misanthrope, may not improperly conclude this article.

Non! je ne puis souffrir cette lâche méthode
Qu'affectent la plûpart de vos gens à la mode;
Et je ne hais rien tant que les contorsions
De tous ces grands faiseurs des protestations;
Ces affables donneurs d'embrassades frivoles,
Ces obligeans diseurs d'inutiles paroles,
Qui des civilités avec tous font combat,
Et traitent du même air l'honnête-homme et le fat.
Quel avantage a-t-on qu'un homme vous caresse,
Vous jure amitié, foi, zêle, estime, tendresse,
Et vous fasse de vous un éloge éclatant,
Lors qu'au prémier faquin il court en faire autant?
Non, non! il n'est point d'ame un peu bien située,
Qui veuille d'une estime ainsi prostituée;
Et la plus rigoureuse a des regals peu chers,
Dès qu'on voit qu'on nous mêle avec tout l'univers.
Sur quelque préférence une estime se fonde,
Et c'est n'estimer rien, qu'estimer tout le monde.

The subjoined translation, we believe, will present, for the first time, this extract from Moliere in English verse.

This paltry method I, with just disdain,
See the baſe practice of the idly vain!
Nought has my hate more than the cringing crowd,
Who make their protestations large and loud;

Those

Those claspers in a frivolous embrace,
Whose phrase is all a senseless common-place;
Who, with civilities, e'en foes engage,
And greet alike the coxcomb and the sage.
What boots it, that a man in this extreme,
Swears friendship, faith, zeal, tenderness, esteem,
And praiſes till I redden with his shame,
Then to some scoundrel runs, and does the same?
No, no! a heart, that's near it's proper place,
Seeks not esteem, bought with ſuch vile disgrace;
And the more rigid needs must hold but cheap,
What mixes all mankind in one rude heap.
The meed, whate'er it be, that worth may claim,
Is nothing worth, if all are worth the same."

JUST AND GENEROUS SENTIMENT OF FREDERIC AUGUSTUS, KING OF POLAND.

THE following anecdote is from the Mercure de Paris, July 1722.

" Augustus I. King of Poland, returning into his kingdom, and passing about half a league from Gornitz, one of his frontier cities, the postillions, to avoid a bad road, crossed the cultivated field of a peasant; the owner, seeing this, seized the horses reins, and threatened to break the wheels of the carriage, with a large hatchet which he held in his hand, if they did not immediately

diately take the common highway. Two pages of his Polish majesty, who followed the coach, now advanced, and began to chastise the countryman. The postillions, in consequence, were proceeding on their way, when the king, hearing the noise of this outrage, forbade the pages to injure the man; and, having given him some money, ordered the postillions to turn back and proceed along the public road: saying, at the same time, that the poor man was not to blame in defending his property; and that a king had no more right than the humblest individual to ruin any one unnecessarily.

ORIGIN OF CARDS.

WITHOUT enquiring whether any games with cards, which resembled those of our times, were in use among the Greeks and Romans, Father Menestrier, in his Bibliotheque Curieuse, confining himself to France, says that it is only about four hundred years since games of cards were first known. This he demonstrates by a negative argument, drawn from an ordinance of Charles VI. in 1391, against the use of all such games as did not assist the military science; and in which, though the forbidden games are enu-

merated, there is no mention of cards. The following year, however, is that to which he gives their origin, as well as the occasion of their being invented. It was in 1392; when Charles VI. becoming disordered in his mind, the whole court was employed in contriving every possible method of diverting his melancholy.

The four suits are supposed to represent the four branches of the state: the church, the army, the city, and the country. The hearts, or cœurs, and which should be choirmen, for the church, the Spaniards represent by copes, or chalices, instead of hearts. Spades, in French, piques, signify pikes; in Spanish, swords are called spada; denoting the military order. Diamonds, carreaux, or squares; on Spanish cards, dineras, or coins; are expressive of the monied or mercantile men of the city. Clubs, trefoil in French; in Spanish, basta, a club or rustic weapon; for the peasantry of the country.

The King and Queen need no explanation; the Knave may be intended as a sly stroke at the minister. The ace seems to be one distinguished character, selected from each rank, and elevated to an honourable situation.

COMMERCIAL CONFERENCE WITH A PRIME MINISTER.

THE famous French Minister, Colbert, having called together the most eminent merchants of Paris, and other neighbouring cities, to confer with him on the means of reviving the national commerce, they attended on the day appointed; but no person attempted to speak, each expecting another would begin. "Gentlemen," said Colbert, "are you dumb?"—"No, Sir," said Hazon, a citizen of Orleans, remarkable for superior understanding; "but we have all equally feared to offend your excellence, by suffering some word to escape us which might give you displeasure."—"Speak freely," replied the minister; "he who speaks to me with most freedom, shall be esteemed the best subject of his majesty, and my greatest friend." On this, Hazon thus proceeded to deliver his sentiments—"Since, Sir, you have commanded us to speak, and have promised to take in good part what we have the honour to lay before you, I will tell you frankly that, when you became minister, you found the state-chariot overturned; and that, since your administration, you have lifted it up again,

only to throw it over on the other side." At this severe stroke of freedom, Colbert took fire; and said, with emotion—" What are you saying, my friend?"—" Sir," returned Hazon, " I most humbly ask pardon of your excellence, for the indiscretion which, relying on your promise, I have unintentionally committed. I have nothing more to say." Afterwards, the minister desired the rest to deliver their sentiments, but not one of them would open his mouth; and thus the conference ended.

" See," says Amelot de la Houssaie, from whose Historical Memoirs this is taken, " how the great are constructed; they would learn, but they will not listen!"

MODERN ANTIQUITIES.

PERAULT, in his Parellel between the Ancients and Moderns, informs us that, as he one day took a turn in the garden of a dealer in antiques, the owner assured him, that he was walking over an infinitude of busts, buried in the earth, which were forming into antiquities by imbibing the juice of the dung!

SINGULAR PATENT.

THE reign of James I. was remarkable for the grant of patents: the following, however, which is preserved by Rymer, was certainly one of the most innocent, as well as the most curious. This patent was granted to one of Queen Anne of Denmark's maids of honour, and passed the great seal in the fifteenth year of that king. It is, "to allow to Mary Middlemore, one of the Maydes of Honor to our deerest Consort Queen Anne, and her deputies, power and authority to enter into the Abbies of Saint Alban's, Glassenbury, Saint Edmundsbury, and Ramsay, and into all lands, houses and places, within a mile, belonging to the said Abbies;" there to dig and search after treasure, supposed to be hidden in such places.

Whether any use was ever made of this power, and consequently what resulted from the search, we have not been enabled to trace.

RAPACITY OF GOVERNORS.

IN the History of the Island of Corsica, printed at Berne in 1779, is the following keen sarcasm.

"Well,

" Well, what news is there in Corsica?" said a Genoese nobleman, to a governor who had just returned; " you have, surely, at least left them their mountains?"

This, though a literary caricature, paints forcibly the idea which the Genoese entertained of the rapacity of those governors which the republic sent to the unfortunate island of Corsica, while it remained under their jurisdiction.

HEREDITARY SUCCESSION.

FATHER Le Compte, in his New Memoirs of China, remarks that the right of the Emperor of China to chuse a successor, not only from among the princes of the royal family, but even from among his subjects, was formerly put in practice with a wisdom and disinterestedness unknown to all other courts. Any of these emperors, not finding in their families, however numerous, any persons capable of sustaining the weight of the crown, named for their heirs persons of inferior birth, but eminent for virtue and extraordinary capacity: declaring, that they adopted this method, not only for the good of the state, but for the true honour of their own children; for whom it was far more glorious, to

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be maintained in a private condition, than to be exposed, on a throne, to the censure, and often to the execrations, of the people. "If an elevated rank," they would add, "were capable of giving merit to those who had none, we should do wrong to exclude our children: but, since it often serves only to render defects more glaring, the affection which we have for them obliges us to preserve them from the hazard of that shame."

Gombauld's epigram partakes of this last idea—

Méchans, que des erreurs extrêmes
Elévent aux charges suprêmes,
Que fait vous en lieu si haut ?
Parmi les soins qui vous dévorent,
Vous faites voir votre defaut,
Et vos honneurs vous deshonorent.

We shall endeavour to preserve all the point in an English dress—

Ye vile, whom error in extreme
Lifts, madly, into power supreme,
Why will ye seek a state so high ?
New cares shall there each hour unfold,
Each hour your follies men behold,
And honours with dishonour fly.

The Abbé Brotier, editor and translator of Tacitus, after agreeing with the Roman historian,

rian, that hereditary power depends entirely on chance and on birth, and that elective power is supposed to depend on a judicious and deliberate choice; remarks that, so little founded in truth are the opinions of mankind, that the long experience of past ages has taught us to acknowledge, that we owe more of our greatest and most excellent princes to birth than to choice.

It is not even pretended by the greatest opposers to hereditary succession, that the Chinese have found it prudent to continue a custom which is so highly applauded, and which sounds so well in theory. Practice is a superior preceptor. The philosophic mind will here reflect on the fate of Poland; and breathe a sigh of requiem to the manes of elective monarchy!

AN UNKNOWN HERO.

CORIBUT, general of Vitole, whom the rebels of Bohemia had chosen for their king, besieged in 1422, Carlotin; a place which was defended with a skill and bravery, perhaps, as worthy of admiration, as any that was ever known. Notwithstanding all the glory so well merited by the gallant defender, and although the Emperor Sigismond owed to him the recovery of Bohemia, the name of this brave and great man is now unknown

unknown to us: a striking example of the caprices of renown! which perpetuates the names of so many vile scoundrels, and so many useless blockheads.

Varillas adds, in his Histoire des Herésies, that Coribut, unable to succeed by force, contrived to throw into the place, by means of machinery, all the bodies of his men which had been killed by the besieged, with more than two thousand cart-loads of dung and other filth. A Bohemian apothecary, however, for a sum of money, preserved the inhabitants of Carlotin from the dreadful consequences of this infection.

DEATH OF CHIRAC.

CHIRAC, the famous French physician, being on his death-bed, felt his own pulse; and, imagining himself on a visit to a sick man, cried out—"You have sent for me too late! the patient has been blooded, he ought to have had a cathartic; he is a dead man!" Having thus said, he instantly expired.

WAR GALLANTRY.

DURING the most sanguinary war between England and France, in the time of Addison,

who mentions the circumstance—which is also noticed by the Abbé Prevôt, in his Contes, Aventures, et Faits Singuliers—with a gallantry not unworthy of holding a place in history, the ministers of the two courts, Versailles and St. James's, reciprocally agreed, in favour of the ladies, that an inviolable passport should be granted to a puppet, or large doll, three or four feet high, which was made of alabaster, and compleatly dressed and cloathed according to the newest fashions, that it might serve as a model to the females of both countries. Thus, in the midst of hostilities the most furious, which agitated both nations, this puppet was the only thing respected by their arms!

UNION OF ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

It is related by Longuerue, that on his one day saying to an Englishman, "You formerly missed taking France very narrowly; it did but just escape!" he received the following sensible answer.

"The greatest misfortune that could have happened to us, would have been that of compleatly conquering France. Our king, on obtaining the sovereignty of France, would immediately, from

from necessity, have made it his residence; and his posterity, being born in the country, would not only have remained there from inclination, but in time have forgotten their British extraction. Thus England would have become a province of France; and our kings would only have paid us occasional visits, to receive our money, and carry it away from our island. Was Anjou," he forcibly added, " more fortunate, when it's counts became kings of England?"

PRAISE OF TACITURNITY.

THIS curious article is from the works of Pavillon.

" It is astonishing," says he, " that among the numerous rules for teaching men to speak, there have been none hitherto laid down for teaching them to be silent. Yet this certainly requires most skill; since we are prompted by nature to speak, while silence is a species of restraint. How many are great talkers—or great orators, if that sounds better—compared with the silent? We have the art of saying much on a little, whereas we most want the art of saying much in a little. What is rhetoric, with all it's boasted figures? An ignorant woman, agitated by strong

passions, is as energetic as Cicero. It is true that she does not, like Cicero, know the names of the several figures of speech which her emotion has employed: a mighty science, truly, after so laborious a study as that of rhetoric! But the art of silence is a quite different affair; it is not acquired by passion, but by vigilance and reason; and how much more difficult it is to comply with the precepts of the latter, than the former, need hardly be urged.

" A man who is silent reasons; but a man often talks very fluently, without the smallest degree of reasoning. With respect to the women, though they certainly possess naturally voluble tongues, great deference was never paid to their ratiocination.

" As well in ancient as in modern history, we every where meet with orators; nothing is more common, than accounts of men who talked a great deal, and talked well: but the glorious character of a silent man, has only, as it appears to me, been conferred on a single character. He, indeed, it must be confessed, acted up to it; and was at the head of one of the greatest designs ever executed. I mean, William Prince of Orange; who made such a for midable stand against Spain, and founded the commonwealth of the United Provinces. Cardinal Granville, a Spanish

Spanish statesman, well knew the importance of this person's taciturnity: for, receiving advice that Count Egmont, and Count Horn, were both taken, he asked whether "the silent man," also, was apprehended; and, being answered in the negative, he replied—"Ah! then nothing is done."

"Were those great speakers, Cicero and Demosthenes, with their torrents of eloquence, ever equally dreaded by their enemies? The licentiousness of their tongues brought them to none of the most desirable ends; and, I believe, their last words were a curse on what they had before uttered.

"What a laudable exertion of wisdom was it, in a whole nation, to agree on a sparingness of speech? The Spartans, I mean; who, in their concise stile, have said more fine things than all the loquacious Athenians. When the redoubted Philip of Macedon demanded a passage for his troops through their territories, all the answer they returned to the laboured speech of his ambassador, on that subject, was expressed by the single significant word, "No!" Now, what could the mellifluous orators of Athens have framed more expressive and sublime, than this bold "No!"

"Let us endeavour to recover this art of taciturnity;

citurnity; examples, in all attempts, are encouraging: it is one of the best secrets of antiquity, and now totally lost; lost, too, as it seems, without any concern. We could better have spared their brass statues, and marble monuments; yet, what a rout is made about these, among the virtuosi, though it would puzzle their delicate brains to point out any substantial utility in the greater part of them."

Isocrates, when a babbler wished to go through a course of rhetoric under him, demanded two salaries: one, for instructing him how to speak; the other, for teaching him to be silent.

Howell, clerk to the most hononourable privy-council of King Charles the First, in his Familiar Letters, speaks thus in favour of silence. "There is a saying," says he, "which carrieth no little weight with it, that —"Parvus amor loquitur, ingens stupet;" small love speaks, while great love stands astonished in silence. The one keeps a tattling, while the other is struck dumb with amazement: like deep rivers, which to the eye of the beholder seem to stand still, while small shallow rivulets keep a noise; or, like empty casks, that make an obstreperous hollow sound, which they would not do were they replenished and full of substance."

THE CAUTIOUS COUNTRYMAN.

A WHIMSICAL adventure is related by Mr. Andrews, in his Anecdotes, &c. Ancient and Modern, which happened, he says, to an intimate friend.

Several years ago, at a time when every corner of every street abounded with cautions against those sharpers who are called ring and money-droppers, this gentleman had occasion to go as far as Radcliff Highway; and, as it was in the midst of summer, and the day extremely sultry, by the time he had reached Holborn Hill, he began to wish himself at the end of his journey. At that moment, however, his attention was caught by a jolly, stout figure, walking down the hill just before him, whose ruddy complexion, jockey-whip, and dirty boots, proclaimed him an original country-squire, come to town on business, and not improbably hastening towards the Bank for his dividend. The gentleman had not long contemplated the rusticity of this figure, before he observed him, on jerking out his pocket-handkerchief, to scatter six or seven shillings from his coat-pocket. Some of these rolled on their edges down the pavement; some were stopped by

by posts and stepping stones, which in those days abounded; while others made their way towards the kennel, which at that time occupied the centre of the street. The gentleman, with great agility and good humour, pursued these fugitive shillings, one by one; and, having recovered them all, ran down the hill after the owner, who had by this time got to a considerable distance. Panting for breath, and perspiring at every pore, he stopped the squire; and, tendering him his shillings, was beginning to relate the circumstance: when the cautious countryman, turning quick on his benefactor, with a menacing tone and gesture, thus rapidly addressed the astonished gentleman—"What, Sir! you think you have got a prize in me, Sir; because you see I am just come out of the country: but, Sir! I know the tricks of London, Sir! and, Sir, if you don't take your shillings and yourself away, Sir, very speedily, I shall call a constable, and raise the mob about your ears, Sir!"—"By no means in the world, Sir!" calmly replied the gentleman; "and, Sir, rather than drive you to such extremities, your shillings shall be employed in easing my legs." On this, the gentleman immediately called a coach; and, laughing very heartily

heartily at the country squire's over caution, coolly proceeded to the place of his destination.

SIEGE OF TROY.

It is a singular circumstance, that Homer, in writing what is so improperly called the Siege of Troy, has neither besieged, invested, nor battered this place; nor has he even made the smallest mention of battering-rams. Five hundred and fifty years after Homer, who says not a single word respecting warlike machines, Herodotus the historian, is equally unacquainted with them. The Chevalier De Folard, Traité de l'Attaque des Places, cites many passages where he thinks he can discover, from Calmet, that the original Hebrews were already in the habit of using battering-rams. These engines, so simple and so powerful, must have been very tardy in passing to Greece. We think, too commonly, that the Greeks invented every thing. Their great art was, that of largely boasting what they had.

A PRINCE CARRIED AWAY BY THE PEOPLE.

Balzac gives this excellent idea, in the following account of an Italian monk's preaching

before a prince of the same country. Having reached the middle of his sermon, in which he had treated on the duty of sovereigns; and, finding it would take him till after dark, to dwell on the several divisions of his discourse, he suddenly concluded it in these words. "I had, Sire, a strange vision last night. It appeared to me, as if the earth opened before me, and I distinctly saw down to it's very centre. I reflected on the pains of the other world, and all the terrible artillery of Divine Justice; my imagination is not even yet perfectly recovered. Among the wicked of passed ages, I can only recollect a number such as these. Calumniators, murderers, blasphemers, and hypocrites, ran in crowds, and pressed forward to the brink of the abyss; but, having observed, in their lives, visible marks of reprobation, I did not find it surprising that they arrived where I had expected their career would terminate. What caused me the most extreme astonishment, was to perceive you, Sire, in this unfortunate crowd destined to perdition: and, terrified and confounded as I was, at a spectacle for which I felt myself so little prepared, I cried out, addressing your highness—"Is it possible to be damned while praying to our Maker, and are you going into hell; you, Sire, who are one of the best and most religious princes in the world

world?" Your highness, with a deep sigh, replied to me—"I am not going, my friend; but they carry me!"

THE SOUL LESS DEGRADED BY SLAVERY, THAN BY LUXURY AND POWER.

MERCIER, in his Mon Bonnet de Nuit, relates that a number of Maroons or runaway negroes, had been taken, and were condemned to be hanged. One of them was offered his life, on condition that he would undertake to be the executioner. He refused, chusing rather to die. The master then commanded one of his faithful negroes to perform this office. "Wait," said the man, who felt himself constrained to obey; "wait, only, till I prepare myself." He entered the hut, took a hatchet, cut off his right hand, returned to his master, and said to him—"Now, then, order me to go and hang my comrades!"

We are greatly tempted to believe, not so much from this single striking anecdote, as from reflecting on many other instances, which must present themselves to the minds of all who are acquainted with history, that servitude is less

destructive of virtue, than the philosophers have generally supposed. The abuse of riches, and of power, corrupt man in a still greater degree than poverty and slavery. Indeed, it cannot well fail to be thus; since we see much the greater number of mankind destined, by Providence, to subjection and indigence.

The wise man wishes to be preserved from poverty, "lest he steal;" from riches, "lest he forget his Maker!"

THE LOYAL CANARY BIRD.

THE following anecdote, relating to the celebrated Earl of Peterborough, of whom mention is made in Lord Orford's Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors, is given on the authority of the Countess of Suffolk, who had it from his own mouth.

About the time of the abdication of James II. when Lord Peterborough was a young man, having a passion for a lady, who had seen and heard a fine canary bird at a coffee-house near Charing Cross, which she was desirous he should procure for her; he offered the owner, who was a widow, a great price, but she absolutely refused to sell it. Being resolved to have the bird, and finding the purchase of it impracti-

cable

cable; thinking, probably, of the old adage, "exchange is no robbery," he bought another of the exact colour, and with nearly the same marks, but which, however, proved to be a hen. Cautiously concealing this bird, he went to the house, which he was in the habit of visiting. The mistress usually sat in a room behind the bar, to which he had easy access; and, having contrived to send her out of the way for a few minutes, he took the favourite from it's cage, and substituted the other bird in it's place. On the woman's return, he soon carried off his prize; but, to avoid suspicion, continued to use the house. He carefully avoided, however, uttering a syllable about the bird, till at least two years afterwards; when, taking occasion to speak of it, he said to the widow—"I would have bought that bird, and you refused my money; but, I dare say, you are by this time, very sorry for it."—"Indeed, I am not," answered the woman; "nor would I now take any sum for him: for, would you believe it? from the time that our good king was forced to go abroad and leave us, the dear creature has not sung a single note!"

MILITARY ENTHUSIASM.

THERE is nothing insurmountable, to men animated by enthusiasm. Abundant proofs are presented to us by history, that a hundred or two of such men are less to be despised, than a thousand who are actuated by other motives. He is a good soldier who faces death, but the enthusiast rushes on it; he is a brave man who does not fly from superior numbers, but the enthusiast will attack them; he is an able officer who keeps strict to the discipline of the army, but the enthusiast will invent a discipline which enthusiasm alone could enable him to put in practice: in short, it has ever been found, that a weak, naked enthusiast, is more formidable than the strongest and best armed mercenary.

There is not, in all history, a fact more undoubted, than that the Greek empire, at a time when a million and a half of fighting men might have been armed for it's defence, was not only over-run, but subdued, by about eight thousand naked, half-armed, undisciplined barbarians. The pride of the Greeks would never suffer them to be alarmed at these rude depredators. They were regarded, at first, merely as robbers making irruptions

irruptions for plunder. Loss on loss, defeat on defeat, could not awaken them from the stupid dream of the invincibility of their own troops, and the infallibility of their own discipline. "Can it be possible," they cried, "that a legionary soldier, armed with a sword, with a shield, with a bow, with a spear, darts, harness, armour, head-piece, breast-plate, back-piece, &c. and long used to discipline, is not more than a match for any rude barbarian armed only with a broad-sword and a lance?"

Such was the language held at Constantinople, while every day's defeat of their best troops, under their best generals, contradicted their reasoning. Yet still every cause but the true one was assigned for the ill success of the government. Sometimes it was ascribed to an unaccountable fatality; sometimes the generals were to blame; then a general panic; and, sometimes, though in the same field, the weather favoured the enemy, and distressed the imperial troops. In short, nothing was omitted that could screen the true cause; which was, the enthusiasm of their enemies. This led them to practice a discipline and method of attack till then unknown, and therefore despised. The imperial generals could not endure to be taught by rude barbarians; and, perhaps, they neglected what,

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in their consciences, they believed to be right, only because it was invented by their enemies.

But how much this has ever been the reverse with a sensible people, let history speak. The Romans learned, from a long train of losses, to beat those who had conquered them. Pyrrhus, Hannibal, Mithridates, and many others, had all their arts of war pillaged by their enemies; a booty far more valuable than that of cities, or even provinces. The Romans did not disdain to learn from their conquerors, till they fixed on their own side the scale of victory. Can we imagine, that Camillus, Scipio, Marius, or Cæsar, would have regarded the neatness and conveniency of their men's dress and appearance, while the raggamuffin enemy, by a new method of attack, discovered the absurdity of their own military system? A truly great man will divest himself of prepossessions, however inveterate; and of prejudices, however strong. What had been the fate of the great Czar Peter, when he found himself defeated, at the head of a hundred thousand men, by Charles XII. of Sweden, then a raw boy, with only fifteen thousand Swedes; if, instead of respecting, and imitating, the skill as well as courage of his antagonist, he had despised his youth and his resources?

The government of Scotland, in the time of Charles I. gave a flagrant proof of this absurd pride,

pride. When the brave Marquis of Montrose first landed in that country for his Royal Master, he had with him no more forces than two friends; and the government, hearing that he was in the Highlands, gave orders for him "to be hunted," a fashionable phrase at that time. However, he soon got together the face of a party—for army it could not be called—consisting of about fifteen hundred half-starved wretches, with not above fifty muskets and a hundred swords among the whole. Three government generals were sent to subdue this rebellion, with a numerous army, well fed, well armed, and well disciplined. But Montrose knew what a hungry Scotchman, fighting for bread, for life, and for loyalty, was capable of doing. He met the enemy, drew out his small force, and offered battle in a plain near Perth, where plenty of flint stones lay on the ground. His speech was memorable, and to this purport—

"Gentlemen, it is true that you have no arms, but your enemies have plenty. My advice therefore is, that every man take a stone in his hand, run up to the next soldier, beat out his brains, and then seize his arms."

The brave Highlanders most punctually followed his advice; two thousand of the government troops were instantly cut to pieces; and

Montrose, without farther opposition, marched into Perth.

This brave man, it is true, who merited a better fate! was afterwards betrayed, and executed for high treason; or, with the enthusiasm which he possessed and inspired, it is not now easy to say what might have been the consequence to his Royal Master.

In short, enthusiasm ever has been, and ever must be, visible in all great atchievements. Whatever be the nature of the operations, whether they are defensive or offensive, success will still generally be found to attend the side which can boast the strongest degree of enthusiasm.

To enthusiasm alone America owes her independence; to enthusiasm France is indebted for her wonderful successes; to enthusiasm may we trace all the advantages which we enjoy over most other nations; and to enthusiasm must we look for the preservation of our country, and of that freedom which we have the happiness as well as honour to derive from the invincible enthusiasm of our ancestors.

MATERNAL LOVE.

WHAT pen can describe all the feelings of grief, or of joy, which take place in the bosom of a mother!

mother! Her tender solicitude for the object of her affections; her alarms, her agitations, when she is in danger of losing him, her despair when he is lost? The wife of a noble Venetian, having seen their only son die, abandoned herself to the most cruel and excessive grief. A minister of eminent piety, endeavoured to console her. He reminded her of Abraham, whom God had commanded even to plunge a poniard in the bosom of his son, and who had obeyed the Divine Will without a murmur. "Alas! my good father," replied she, with impetuosity, "God has never demanded this sacrifice of a mother."

MULTIPLICITY OF LAWS.

A Legislator, says the oriental apologue, was desirous to give a new form to the state. To extricate himself more speedily from the miserable situation in which he soon found himself, he multiplied laws. In the midst of these cares, he fell ill. His physician being called in, ordered a variety of remedies to be administered at the same time. "Why," said the diseased, "do you order me such a number of medicines?"—"It is," replied his physician, "the more expeditiously to restore your health."—"But,

among so many remedies," returned the patient, "some may prevent the good effect which others would alone produce."—"Pardon me," cried the physician, "I believe that, in fact, I am wrong; but, in deference to superior judgment, I was willing to treat your malady as you treat that of the state."

STERNE'S LEGACY.

LET the contemners of our Yorick's sometimes censurable levity, endeavour to imitate his conduct, as described in the following anecdote.

Soon after Sterne had been inducted to the valuable living of Coxwould, in Yorkshire, on the presentation of the late Earl Fauconberg, a poor widow, of most unblemished character, being at the point of death, expressed a wish to receive the sacrament in her last moments. The sentimental pastor was accordingly sent for. Sterne instantly obeyed the summons; and, the solemn ceremony being ended, he said, with a most benignant smile—"What do you intend to leave me, in your will, for this trouble?"—"Alas, Sir," replied the dying woman, "I am too poor, to give the smallest legacy even to my nearest relations."—"That excuse," cried Sterne, "shall not

not serve me! I must insist on inheriting your two children; and, in return for this bequest, I will take such care of them, that they shall feel, as little as possible, the loss of an affectionate and worthy mother."

She expired, blessing the benevolent deed, and Sterne most religiously kept his promise.

How few are there, who approach a death bed, solicitous for such legacies!

CONDUCT OF GEORGE III. AT HIS CORONATION.

THE following anecdote of his present Majesty, is related on no less authority than that of the late Bishop Newton.

"The whole behaviour of George III. at his coronation," says this learned and pious prelate, "was justly admired and commended by every one; and, particularly, his manner of ascending and seating himself on his throne, after his coronation. No actor in the character of Pyrrhus in the Distrest Mother, not even Booth himself, who was celebrated for it in the Spectator, ever ascended the throne with so much grace and dignity.

"There was another particular, which those only

only could observe who sat near the communion-table, as did the prebendaries of Westminster.

" When the King approached the communion-table, in order to receive the sacrament, he enquired of the Archbishop, " whether he should not lay aside his crown?" The Archbishop asked the Bishop of Rochester; but neither of them could say, what had been the usual form. The King determined within himself, that humility best became such a solemn act of devotion; and took off his crown, and laid it down during the administration."

What a beautiful picture does this present, of pious humility, in our excellent sovereign!

MARRIAGE REQUISITES.

DURING the fifteenth session of the Synod of Dordrecht, a Swiss theologian said to the assembly that, in his country, when the young people were desirous to enter into the marriage state, they were examined by the minister, before the day appointed for their nuptials, that the progress which they had made in religion might be known; and, if they could not render a satisfactory account of their faith, the marriage was put off till they had better learned their lesson. In the country of Hesse, at least, the men

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are under the necessity of satisfying their pastors in this respect.

The Sieur Pomet, in his Histoire Générale des Drogues, observes that, in an island of Asia, called Icaria or Nicaria, the young men are not suffered to marry, till they know how to bring up sponge from the bottom of the sea; on which account, when a father wishes to get his daughter married, a troop of youths, first stripping quite naked, plunge into the sea. He who remains longest under water, and produces the most sponge, obtains the girl. The reason of which is, because in this island, they pay their tribute to the Grand Seignior in sponge.

It is related by Jean Struys, in his Voyages en Perse, &c. that none of the inhabitants of the mountain of Arrat, are allowed to marry, till they have planted, at least, a hundred feet of land with trees; whence it is, that we there see the country covered with trees of all sorts, bearing the most delicious fruits in the world.

PUNISHMENT OF A DISOBEDIENT WIFE.

The Duke of Guise, called Le Balafre, from a scar which he had on his cheek, and son of the celebrated Francis Duke of Guise, was married to a Princess of Cleves, a woman of great beauty.

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This lady, from living in a very gay court, that of Catharine De Medicis, was supposed not to be insensible to the passion which was professed for her by a handsome young man, named St. Maigrin. On a particular day, Catharine De Medicis, having invited the principal ladies at the court to a ball and supper, where each was to be waited on by the young noblemen of the court, dressed in the liveries of their mistresses, the duke anxiously requested the dutchess not to be present; observing that, though he had not the smallest distrust of her virtue, as the public had talked pretty freely about her and St. Maigrin, it was much better that she should stay away, than afford, by going, fresh food for scandal. The dutchess, pleading in excuse, that she could not possibly refuse to go, as the queen had invited her, actually went to the entertainment, which lasted till six o'clock in the morning. At this unseasonable hour she returned home, and went to bed. Scarcely, however, had she laid herself down, when the duke entered the room, followed by an aged servant, who carried a bason of broth in his hand. The duke immediately locked the door; and, coming up to the bed in a very deliberate manner, thus accosted her with a firm and determined tone of voice—"Madam, although you would not, last night, comply with

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my desire, you shall certainly do it now. Your last night's dancing has probably heated you a little; you must drink, immediately, this bason of broth." The dutchess, not doubting that it was poison, burst into a flood of tears; protested her innocence; and begged hard that, at least, the duke would permit her confessor to be sent for, before she drank it. The duke again told her, that she must instantly drink it; and the dutchess, finding all resistance in vain, swallowed the broth. When she had done this, the duke quitted the room, and carefully locked the door. Three or four hours afterwards, the duke again paid her a visit; and, with an affected smile on his countenance said—"Madam, I am afraid that you have spent your time very unpleasantly since I left you; I fear, too, that I have been the cause. Judge, madam, by this, of all the time which you have made me pass as little pleasantly. Be comforted, however; you have, I assure you, nothing to dread: I, too, am willing, in my turn, to believe that I have no just ground for apprehension. Let us, however, in future, if you please, avoid playing these tricks with each other."

Le Tellier, chancellor of France, used frequently to relate this anecdote of the Duke of Guise.

It was this Duke who, in eight days, and in the depth of winter, took Calais, after it had been in our possession upwards of two hundred years. Though, in general, brave, magnificent, and generous, ambition corrupted all his virtues. He was in arms against his sovereign; and, on the detestable day of St. Bartholomew, caused the brave and virtuous Coligni to be murdered, and afterwards brutally trampled on his dead body, when it was thrown out of the window by his savage orders.

In 1588, however, he was assassinated by Poltrôt de Maré, a huguenot, and an enthusiast; who conceived that he was doing service to religion, by the commission of an act which constitutes a horrid violation of it's most sacred law.

On the day preceding his assassination, which is said to have been at the instance of his sovereign Henry III. a note was placed under his plate, at dinner, to inform him of the king's intention. This he read with great coolness; wrote under it, with his pencil, "Il n'oseroit!—He dare not do it!" finished his dinner very deliberately; and, the next morning, attended the court, as usual: when he found, too late, the truth of the intelligence which he had received.

So majestic was the person of the Duke of Guise,

Guise, that Henry III. who had caused both him and his brother the cardinal to be massacred, when he saw the Duke lying on the ground, could not avoid exclaiming—" Mon Dieu, comme il est grand, étant mort!—My God, how great he appears, even dead!"

RELIGIOUS TEST.

A King of Persia, loaded with maladies, had made a vow that, if he recovered, he would distribute a considerable sum of money among the religious. He was restored to health, and gave to a confidential slave a purse full of gold to be distributed according to his vow. The slave returned; and told the king, that he had not been able to meet with any religious. " How!" cried the sovereign; " there are more than four hundred in this city."—" It is true," replied the slave, " that they wear the religious habit: but I offered the gold to all of them, and there was not a single man among them who refused it; I concluded, therefore, that they could not be religious."

LAYING WAGERS.

To " lay no wagers," is one of the dehorta-

tory articles in that concise moral code, called King Charles's Golden Rules.

This practice, it is presumed, though a vice of English growth, will find, even among us, but few advocates, who have never been themselves attached to gaming; in which family it may, undoubtedly, be permitted to claim kindred.

Among foreigners, it is considered as a reproach to our country, that we take this silly method of deciding all disputable facts, however frivolous or important. Money, they probably think, and with too much reason, carries every thing in England; where, if a man cannot conveniently support his opinion, or assertion, by producing a certain sum, to be deposited as a bet, respecting any subject of discussion which happens to occur in conversation, he may be considered as defective in knowledge, in memory, or in veracity.

With persons better qualified to carry arguments by strength of pocket than of understanding, this favourite mode of disputation is sought with avidity in all occurrences; and it equally has birth amidst the convulsions of laughter, and the last pangs of expiring life.

"Several noblemen," says a French writer, "being at a tavern in London, eating their turtle soup, saw together, from the windows, a man fall

fall down in the street, with all the symptoms of an apoplexy. The mania of betting immediately seized them, and induced them to cry out —" I'll bet, that he does not live twenty minutes!"—" Fifty guineas, that he does not die in a quarter of an hour!"—" A hundred, that he does not live ten minutes!"—" A hundred, that he is already dead!"—" A hundred, that he still breathes!" All these bets are at once proposed and accepted. One of the noblemen who had wagered that the man was not dead, ran out precipitately; and, joining with the good people who, without laying wagers, assisted the fallen man in the best manner they could, he placed beneath his nostrils a bottle of poignant salts. The bettors for the death, perceiving this, hastened also to the spot; and, withdrawing his hand, cried out—" Yes, indeed! you may win, I believe, with your cursed salts! Remember, however, that the bets are made. You are changing the state of the question: such proceeding is not just and honest."

When gold is every thing," adds the ingenious relator of this anecdote, " the words just and honest take very singular acceptations!"

Perhaps, the best apology that can be offered for betting, is to be found in a comparison with what is worse, duelling. It may, certainly, sometimes

sometimes prevent this superlative vice; and, according to our good old English adage—"Of evils, the least are to be chosen."

GRATITUDE OF AN ALGERINE CORSAIR.

THE following interesting anecdote is related by M. de Forbin.

Louis XIV. in 1683, having ordered the Marquis Duquesne to bombard the town of Algiers, for the punishment of the infidelity and insolence of that piratical state. The despair to which the inhabitants were reduced, on being unable to drive away from their coast the fleet which was thundering against them, prompted these cruel barbarians to bring out their French slaves, fastened alive to the mouths of their cannon, whose mangled limbs were thus scattered on the decks of their countrymen's vessels.

An Algerine captain, who had been taken, on one of his cruises, and humanely treated, by the French, during the whole time that he was their prisoner, observed, among those who were about to undergo the horrible fate which desperation had thus abominably contrived, an officer, named Choiseuil, from whom he had received particular marks of the kindest attention. Instantly, he prayed, he solicited, he implored, the preservation

preservation of this generous man. All was of no avail! The lighted match was about to be applied to the cannon where Choiseuil was attached: when the Algerine rushing to his unhappy friend, embraced him closely in his arms; and, addressing himself to the cannoneer, cried out—"Now, fire! Since I cannot save my benefactor, I will, at least, have the satisfaction of perishing with him."

The dey, under whose eye the whole of this scene passed, was now so forcibly struck, that he instantly granted, with tears in his eyes, what he had so ferociously refused; and Choiseuil owed, at length, to his incomparable friend, not only his life, but his liberty.

SEARCH FOR A GOOD PHYSICIAN.

THIS excellent oriental fable must not be too rigidly applied to the European professors of medicine.

An eastern lover, in danger of losing his mistress, who was extremely ill, sought every where a physician in whose skill he might confide. During his search, he met with a man who possessed a talisman, by means of which, beings might plainly be discerned, who are invisible

visible to the human eye. He gave half what he possessed for this talisman, and hastened to a famous physician. A vast crowd of ghosts stood before his gate: these were the souls of those whom he had killed. More, or fewer, of these, he saw at the gates of all the different physicians to whom he directed his steps; and had, therefore, but little inclination to purchase their assistance. At length, he perceived the indication of one, in a distant quarter of the city, at the gate of whom he could only see two little souls. "Ah!" cried he, to himself, "here is, at length, a good physician; I must hasten to procure him." The physician, with marks of astonishment, enquired how he came to find him out. "Nothing easier!" cried the afflicted lover; "your reputation and ability render you sufficiently known."—"My reputation!" exclaimed the physician, to the utter despair of all the lover's hopes; "why, friend, it is only within these eight days that I have commenced practice, and I have yet seen only two patients!"

A CONSCIENTIOUS CRIMINAL.

THE public papers of Vienna, in the year 1766, take notice that four soldiers, having been

been apprehended at one time, who were convicted of the crime of desertion, they were condemned, by a court-martial, to decide, by throwing dice, which of them should suffer death. Three of them readily conformed to the condition of the sentence, but the fourth positively refused to throw. He insisted, that he was justified in thus disobeying the order of the court-martial, by an earlier and superior decree of the emperor, who had forbid all his subjects from playing at any species whatever of the game of hazard.

His imperial majesty, it is added, being informed of the presence of mind which this unhappy man had displayed at so critical a moment, generously granted the tenacious observer of one salutary law, and his three comrades, a free pardon, notwithstanding their manifest breach of the other.

NICHOLAS THE FISH.

TOWARDS the end of the fifteenth century, there was, in Sicily, a famous diver, named Nicholas; who had, by his skill, acquired the surname Pescecola: which is as much as to say, Nicholas the Fish. He was accustomed, from his earliest youth, to dive for pearl-oysters and

coral, from the bottom of the sea; and frequently remained four or five days successively in the water, living only on raw shell-fish. As he could swim to perfection, he often passed over to the distant islands, carrying letters inclosed in wax. Frederic, King of Sicily, having heard of Pescecola's strength and address, ordered him to plunge into the gulph of Charybdas, near the promontory of Cape Faro, to reconnoitre the disposition of that place. As the king observed, that Nicholas was not very eager to undertake this dangerous experiment, he threw in a gold cup; and told him, that he should have it for his trouble, provided he could bring it up. The able diver, animated by the hope of this recompence, threw himself to the bottom of the gulph; where he remained nearly three quarters of an hour, and then rose to the surface of the water, holding the cup in his hand. He made the king a particular recital of the rocks, the caverns, and the marine monsters, which he said that he had seen or felt; and ended by protesting, that it would be utterly impossible for him to return a second time. But Frederic shewed him a purse of gold, which he promised him, and a gold cup much more valuable than the former, which he immediately threw into the gulph. Pescecola,

soon

soon afterwards, again plunged in; but he was never more seen!

It is scarcely possible, even at this distance of time, to refrain from execrating the cruelty of the sovereign, who could thus put such extraordinary powers to a trial so far beyond the possibility of any human atchievement!

PAIN PREFERABLE TO REMORSE.

For this beautiful idea we are indebted to an oriental poet.

"I found, one day," says the Poet Sadi, "on the border of the sea, a holy dervise, whom a tiger had half devoured: he was just expiring, and suffered torments not to be described. "Great God!" he exclaimed, "I render thee thanks for thy goodness, in permitting me only to suffer pain, and not remorse!"

RIGOUR OF THE LAW.

A German Jew, condemned, in a city of Germany, to be hanged for a crime which he had confessed, supplicated the officers of justice, that he might be permitted to have a Rabbi attend and prepare him for death: they refused him. He

intreated, then, that they would, at least, let him have a Jew, if they would not allow him a Rabbi: this, also, was refused. He acknowledged, that his sentence was just; but said, that their refusals were hard: however, he would resign himself! But what drove him to despair was, that they would not permit him to wear a hat, or even a cap, at the moment of his execution; this appeared to him horrible.

It is scarcely possible to proceed, without expressing astonishment at the strange combat maintained, on this occasion, between the obstinacy of the agents of justice for their ancient customs, and the superstition of this unhappy man!

He begged that, through pity, they would give him a hat; even though, seeing they sought only to torment him, they should fasten it on his head with red-hot nails: he repeated, while tears streamed down his cheeks, that at least, with a hat on his head, he might die in the act of praying to God; and that he could not possibly pray to God bare-headed!

The strict Jews, it may be here necessary to remind the reader, always cover their heads when they pray.

This unfortunate man, however, was not suffered to have a hat; and he piously covered his head

head with his two hands, in the best manner he could, during the cruel execution.

Enlightened and humane judges would do well, in all similar cases, to dispense with the pedantry of custom, and mingle some pity with the severity of the law!

It is the boast of our British criminal law, that it mitigates, as much as possible, on all occasions, the rigours of justice: this hint, therefore, is for the judges of other countries.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A DERVISE AND A SAGE.

A Dervise having quitted the society of this order, and joined that of the Sages, was one day asked, what difference he found between a Sage and a Dervise. He replied—"Both having a great river to cross by swimming, with a vast number of their brethren, the Dervise quits his companions to swim more commodiously alone, and arrives singly on the other side; the Sage, on the contrary, swims with the body at large, and endeavours to give his weaker brothers a helping hand."

ONE TRADE MORE SECURE THAN TWO ESTATES.

A Diſcourſe concerning Mechanick Industry, published in 1689, has the following curious anecdote.

There was, about the year 1615, a nobleman in Germany, whose daughter was courted by another lord, a very young man. When he had made such progress in this affair, by means of friends, as was usual on these occasions, the old lord desired to speak with him; and, after some conference, he asked the noble lover, how he intended, if he should marry his daughter, to maintain her. He replied, "Equal to her quality." The father said, that was no answer to his question; he desired to know, what he had to maintain her with. The young lord replied, he hoped that also was no question; for that his inheritance was as well known as his name. The old nobleman owned his possessions to be great; but asked him, if he had nothing that was securer than land. The question appeared strange; but the whole ended in this—that the father of the young lady was fully resolved, never to marry his daughter, though his heir, and by this union there would be two such considerable

siderable estates, to any man who had not a manual trade, by which he might live, if any unforeseen accident should drive him from his native country.

The young nobleman was, at present, master of no trade; but, rather than lose his amiable mistress, he desired only to be allowed a single year, in which time he engaged to acquire one. For this purpose, he applied to a basket-maker, the most ingenious he could find; and, in six months, made such progress, that he greatly excelled his master: when, as a proof of his ingenuity, and wonderful proficiency in so short a time, he presented to the object of his affections a curious piece of workmanship; being, in fact, one of those beautiful white twig baskets which, for many years after, became a general fashion among the ladies, by the name of dressing-baskets, and were brought to England from Germany and Holland.

To compleat this extraordinary narrative, it happened that, some years after the young nobleman's marriage, he and his father-in-law, sharing the misfortunes of the Palatinate, were driven destitute out of their estates; and, in Holland, for some years, did this young nobleman maintain both his father-in-law, and his own family, by making baskets of white twigs, which

which he performed with such an unparalleled degree of excellence as no other person could attain. From hence it is, that the Dutch have derived those curiosities, which are still made in Holland of twigwork.

It is not improbable that, in this historical fact, may be traced the origin of our popular and very beautiful story of the Basket-Maker.

The valuable discourse from which this article is extracted, was reprinted in a folio Collection of State Tracts, published during the Reign of King William III. It may be found in the second volume, printed in 1706; and the title at length will afford some idea of the information it contains—"A Discourse concerning Mechanick Industry: shewing, how the Encouragement thereof does naturally tend to advance the Interest of Popular Governments and Civil Societies, both in their Religious and Political Rights; and that the Discouragement thereof has proved the Ruin of the greatest Monarchies in the World."

SUICIDE THE WANT OF TRUE COURAGE.

In December 1762, a poor man, who was picking up dead wood under the trees in the most sequestered part of Hyde Park, and where they are

are still thickest, perceived a gentleman richly dressed, having a sword by his side, and a cockade in his hat, who was walking by himself with a thoughtful and melancholy air. The poor man, supposing him an officer who was come to fight a duel, concealed himself behind a clump of trees. The gentleman approached that spot; and, opening a paper, which he perused with great agitation, tore it furiously in pieces. Instantly, he drew a pistol from his pocket, examined the priming, and hammered the flint with a key; then, throwing his hat on the ground, he applied the pistol to his forehead; it flashed in the pan, but did not go off. The old man, rushing from his retreat, now sprung forward, and snatched the pistol from the officer; who, drawing his sword, was about to run it through the body of his benefactor. "Thrust!" cried the old man, in a tranquil and intrepid tone; "I fear death as little as yourself, but I possess more courage! Upwards of twenty years have I lived in sorrow, and in indigence; and I leave to God the care of putting a period to my miseries."

The gentleman, touched by this answer, remained for a moment motionless; and, shedding a torrent of tears, took out his purse, which he gave to the good old man. Then, asking his

name and address, that he might be enabled to convey more substantial assistance, made him swear not to pursue any enquiries on this subject, if by chance they should ever meet again.

REGISTER OF FOOLS.

At a theatre of one of the northern courts, where the French comedians are not yet banished, they were performing the burlesque opera, called, l'Isle des Foux; the Island of Fools.

In this piece, a large volume is found necessary to preserve the register of fools, the leaves of which one of the characters appears to be turning over. A quarto volume, destined to this use, was placed on part of the machinery behind the scenes.

The hereditary prince of the country, in walking up and down the interior part of the theatre, with two or three noblemen, happening to remark this volume, so conspicuously elevated, smilingly asked a very young and beautiful actress—"What is the reason, I pray you, for placing that book in so singular a situation."—"That great book, Sir?" replied the actress, thinking only of the part which she had to perform in the piece; "it is the Register of the Fools.

Fools. It is placed there, lest it should be to seek at the moment when it will be wanted."

The prince expressing a wish to see the book, one of the scene-shifters immediately reached it him; and his highness instantly found, that it was a volume of the History of his own Country and Family, which had been taken out of the library, as other books are very often taken, without regarding the title, and merely for the sake of having a book. "This young actress has told me, perhaps, more truth than she imagined!" said the prince, in a low voice. "In the mean time, that the register may be quite compleat, I will have, in the place of this book, a volume of the Universal History."

This order was consequently given, and immediately executed.

CAUSES OF CELEBRITY.

A Corsican, after a most sanguinary engagement, in which he had been mortally wounded, wrote these few words to Pascal Paoli.

"I salute you. Take care of my father. In two hours, I shall be with the other brave men who are dead in defence of their country."

What wants this, to be cited as sublime? demands an ingenious French writer, who thus answers the question—It should have been found in some ancient author; it should have been written by a Spartan, by one of the heroes who followed Leonidas, and dated from Thermopylæ. Taking it for modern, as it is, must it not, of necessity, to receive general admiration, be attributed to some prince; or, at least, to a club of wits, who all acquire celebrity by the same common organ, which serves to exalt so many frivolities and absurdities? Is the heart, then, no longer to be consulted, in forming our opinions of virtue?

FIRE PURIFIES EVERY THING.

Louis XIV. having agreed to grant his pardon to a nobleman who had committed some enormous crime, M. Voisin, the chancellor, hastened to the king, and inveighed violently against pardoning any person under such circumstances. "I have promised him," replied his Majesty, ever impatient of contradiction; "go, and fetch the seals."—"But, Sire!——" "Pray, Sir, do as I order you." The chancellor quittted the royal presence, and soon returned with the seals. Louis applies

applies them himself to the instrument containing the pardon, and presents them again to the chancellor. "They are polluted now, Sire," said the excellent and intrepid minister of justice, pushing them from him on the table, "I cannot receive them again."—"What an impracticable man!" cries the king; and he threw the pardon into the fire. "I will now, Sire, take them with pleasure," said the chancellor: "fire, you know, purifies every thing."

THE SPIRITED LOVER.

In the Abbé Arnauld's Memoirs of his own Life, is the following curious account of a spirited Engliſh lover.

"My mother," says the Abbé, who was the son of M. Arnauld D'Andilly, "was brought up in England, where her father was then Ambassador from the Court of France to James the First. From her I have often heard, that at one of the combats between bull-dogs and lions in London, at that time no unusual sight in England, and at which the king and his court were present, one of the queen's maids of honour was attended by a young man of fashion, who felt greatly attached to her, but to whom she

she shewed very little kindness. This lady, either to try the strength of his passion, or perhaps," the Abbé remarks, "to get rid of him, dropped one of her gloves on the stage; and, turning to the gentleman, affected to appear extremely concerned at her loss. What this meant, he perfectly well comprehended; and, descending very coolly from his seat, walked on the stage with his sword drawn, and his left arm wrapped up in his cloak. He then picked up the glove, which had exposed him to such imminent danger; the lion, by great good fortune, happening to be too much engaged with the bull-dogs, on the opposite side of the stage, to take the smallest notice of the lover. He now returned to his seat as calmly as he had quitted it; and, turning to the lady, and giving her a very gentle tap on the cheek with the glove—"Here, madam," said he, "is your glove! But, indeed, you do not deserve to have a man like myself attached to you."

"From that moment, he never took the smallest notice of her: and, while his behaviour obtained the admiration of the whole Court, her conduct exposed her only to universal shame and contempt."

THE CZAR IWAN, PROTOTYPE OF PETER THE GREAT.

THE Czar Iwan Wassilowitsch II. has been generally represented as a cruel tyrant. Peter the Great, however, formed a very different opinion of this illustrious predecessor.

At the illumination of the city of Moscow, on account of the peace with Sweden, in the year 1721, the Duke of Holstein, afterwards the czar's son-in-law, erected a triumphal arch of coloured lamps before his palace: on one side of which, Peter the Great was seen in a car; and, on the other, the Emperor Iwan Wassilowitsch, who formed the vast empire of Russia out of a number of small principalities, was represented with a shield emblazoned with the arms of the petty princes whom he had subdued. Peter the Great had also a similar shield, with the arms of those provinces which he likewise had conquered. This idea was far from giving general satisfaction. It was pronounced an egregious blunder, to couple a barbarous tyrant with the father of his country.

The Czar Peter, who himself walked that evening in the city, to see the illuminations, and

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at once conceived the sense meant thus to be conveyed, was highly delighted with these transparencies. He publicly embraced the duke; and told him, in the hearing of all present, that he had seen nothing so happily invented, or so well executed, in all Moscow. "The ideas of your highness," said the czar, "correspond wonderfully with my own. This prince was my forerunner and model. I have always endeavoured to imitate his bravery, and the wisdom of his government, but I am far from being his equal. He can be called a tyrant by none but men of weak minds; who neither know the circumstances he was in, the nation he governed, nor the greatness of his ability."

The following beautiful anecdote will not tend to lessen the excellent character, thus given by Peter the Great, of his illustrious progenitor.

The Czar Iwan, who reigned over Russia about the middle of the sixteenth century, frequently went out in disguise, to discover the actual opinions, as well as grievances, of his people. In a solitary walk, near Moscow, on one of these occasions, he entered a small village; and, pretending to be overcome by fatigue, implored relief from several of the inhabitants. His cloaths were ragged; his appearance was miserable: but these circumstances,

far

far from exciting compassion, and securing him a hospitable reception from these villagers, served only to produce every where a refusal. Filled with indignation, at such unfeeling treatment, he was about to quit the place, when he perceived a small habitation to which he had not yet applied. It was the poorest cottage in the village; and the emperor, not yet quite hopeless, hastened thither, and knocked at the door. A peasant immediately opened it, and enquired what he wanted. "I am perishing with fatigue and hunger," said the czar; "can you give me a lodging for a single night?"—"Alas!" said the peasant, taking him by the hand, "you will have but poor fare here. You are come at an unlucky time: my wife is in labour, and you will be disturbed. But come in; come in; you will at least be sheltered from the cold; and such as we have, you shall be heartily welcome to share."

The peasant then made the czar enter a little room full of children. In a cradle were two infants sleeping soundly; a girl four years old was sleeping on a rug near the cradle; while two sisters, the one five years old, the other seven, were on their knees praying for their mother. "Stay here," said the peasant to the czar; "I will go and fetch something for your supper."

He went out; and soon returned with some black bread, eggs, and honey. "You see all I can give you," said the peasant; "partake of it with my children: at present, I cannot eat; my heart is too full."—"Your charity, your hospitality," said the czar, "must bring down blessings on your house: I am sure that God will reward your goodness."—"Pray to God, my good friend," replied the peasant, "that my wife may do well, that is all I wish for."—"And is that all you want to make you happy?"—"Happy! judge for yourself: I have five fine children; a wife that loves me; a father and mother both in good health; and my labour is sufficient to maintain them all."—"Do your father and mother live with you?"—"Certainly; they are in the next room with my wife."—"But your cottage is so very small."—"It is large enough; it can hold all of us."

In about an hour, the good woman was happily delivered; and her husband, in a transport of joy, brought the child to the czar. "Look," said he, "look; this is the sixth she has brought me! what a fine hearty child he is! May God preserve him, as he has done the others!"

The czar, sensibly affected, took the child in his arms. "I know," said he, "from the physiognomy of this child, that he will be very fortunate;

fortunate; he will arrive, I am certain, at great preferment." The peasant smiled at this prediction; and, at that instant, the two eldest girls came to kiss their new-born brother, and their grandmother also came to take him back. The little ones followed her; and the peasant, laying himself down on his bed of straw, invited the stranger to do the same.

In a few minutes, the peasant was in a sound and peaceful sleep: but the czar, sitting up, looked around, and contemplated every thing with an eye of tenderness and emotion; the sleeping children, and their sleeping father!

An undisturbed silence reigned in the cottage. "What a happy calm! What delightful tranquility!" said the emperor. "Avarice and ambition, suspicion and remorse, never enter here. How sweet is the sleep of innocence!" In such reflections, and on such a bed, did the mighty emperor of all the Russias spend the night.

The peasant arose at break of day; and his guest, taking leave of him, said—"My friend, I must return to Moscow. I am there acquainted with a very benevolent man, to whom I shall take care to mention your kind treatment of me. I can prevail on him to stand godfather to your child. Promise me, then, that you will wait for me, and I will be present at the christen-

ing. In three hours, at farthest, I shall certainly be back.

The peasant thought but little of this promise: however, in the good-nature of his heart, he readily consented to grant the stranger's request; and the czar immediately took his leave.

The three hours expired, and no stranger appeared. The peasant, therefore, with his little family, was preparing to carry the child to church; but, just as they were quitting the cottage, he heard, on a sudden, the trampling of horses, and the rattling of many coaches. He looked out, and presently saw a train of splendid equipages.

He knew the imperial guards, and instantly called his family to come and see the emperor go by. They all ran in a hurry, and stood before the door. The horsemen and carriages soon formed a circular line; and, at last, the state-coach stopped opposite the good peasant's little cottage.

The guards kept back the crowd, which the desire of seeing their sovereign had collected together. The coach-door was opened: the czar alighted; and, advancing to his host, thus addressed him—"I promised you a godfather; I am come to fulfil my promise. Give me your child, and follow me to church."

The

The peasant stood like a statue: now looking at the emperor with the mingled emotions of astonishment and joy; now observing his magnificent robes, and the costly jewels with which they were adorned; and now turning to the crowd of nobles who surrounded him. In this profusion of pomp, he was unable to discern the poor stranger who had laid all night with him on the straw.

The emperor, for a few moments, silently enjoyed this perplexity; he then spoke thus—"Yesterday, you performed the duties of humanity: to-day, I am come to discharge the most delightful duty of a sovereign, that of recompensing virtue. I shall not remove you from a situation to which you do so much honour, and the innocence and tranquillity of which I envy you: but I will bestow on you such things as may be useful. You shall have numerous flocks, rich pastures, and a house which will enable you to exercise the duties of hospitality with additional pleasure. Your new-born child shall become my ward; for you may remember," continued the emperor, smiling, "that I prophesied he would be fortunate!"

The good peasant was unable to speak; but tears of grateful sensibility glistened in his eyes. He ran instantly to fetch the child; brought him

to

to the emperor; and laid him respectfully at his feet.

This excellent sovereign was quite affected: he took the child in his arms; and, in this situation, carried him to church. After the ceremony was over, unwilling to deprive the infant of his mother's milk, he took him back to the cottage, and ordered that he should be sent to him as soon as he could be weaned.

The czar faithfully observed the whole of his engagement: he caused the boy to be educated in his palace; provided amply for his future settlement in life; and continued, ever after, to heap favours on the virtuous peasant and his family!

ONE OF THE PLAGUES OF POETRY.

AMONG the many mortifications to which the poetical character is subjected, that of being importuned to write verses on trifling occasions, and in praise of trifling persons, is far from being one of the least irksome. To comply always is impracticable; and to refuse ever, is generally to add an enemy to the numerous natural foes of talent, and of this unfortunate talent in particular.

It

It may be rendering some little service to those, whom few are willing to serve, if we expose the disposition of thus pestering men of poetical abilities to a small portion of merited ridicule.

A rich Dutchwoman, says M. Cartier De St. Philip, in his Je ne sai Quoi, intending to celebrate her birth-day, was desirous to have some French verses on the occasion: and, as she had known, somewhere, a clergyman who made verses, she imagined that, among us, every priest was born a poet; or, at least, capable of becoming one. With this idea, she sent to our lecturer: but he, who had never mounted Pegasus, referred the messenger to me; supposing, it should seem, that because I was studious, I ought also to be more expert than himself at riding the Parnassian nag. In which, however, he was egregiously mistaken: for, "Poeta non fit, sed nascitur;" a poet must be born, he cannot be made. Besides, both the lecturer and the lady ought to know, that verses made by command are never good for any thing. Hear the Chevalier De Cailly—

Qui de moi vendra de beaux vers,
Que jamais il ne les demande;
Je ne fais rien que de travers,
Quand la besogne est de commande.

Which

Which may be thus rendered in English—

Verses, at any price, with wit,
From me, let no one ever ask;
Nought but mistakes do I commit,
When order'd to perform a task.

For the rest, observes M. Cartier De St. Philip, who laughs not at our Dutchwoman; to have thought that, with us, all lecturers are poets, or may become so, merely by reading, and ill chanting the psalms! What, indeed, would this Dutchwoman have wished should have been sung to her glory; when neither her name, her age, her station, her extraction, nor any one of her qualities, good or bad, were known?

This affair, he adds, reminds me of the mother of Colas; who, having lost her son, asked Boursalt for an Epitaph, though the poet knew nothing of Colas in any respect whatever. He, however, pressed by the weeping mother, gave her, at length, these verses—

Colas est mort de maladie,
Tu veux que je plaigne son sort:
Que diable veux-tu que j'en die?
Colas vivoit, Colas est mort.

Of which we shall endeavour to give the English reader some idea.

Colas

Colas is dead, alack-a-day!
His fate you wish me to deplore;
But what the devil shall I say?
Colas once liv'd, he's now no more.

Gombauld's famous epigram, which he calls Vie de Sylvie—the Life of Sylvia—finds here no improper place.

VIE DE SYLVIE.

Tous les jours la belle Sylvie,
Qui voudroit vivre après sa mort,
Veut que je parle de sa vie,
Et j'ai peur de lui faire tort.
Car elle met, pour toute histoire,
Un tiers du jour à s'habiller,
L'autre tiers à manger et boire,
Et tout le reste à babiller.

This, also, we shall present to the reader in an English dress.

LIFE OF SYLVIA.

Blooming Sylvia, ev'ry day,
Hoping after death to live;
Wishes an immortal lay,
All her wondrous life to give.
Thus she spends each day, I think,
But I fear to do her wrong:
One third, dreſs; one, meat and drink;
All the other third, for tongue.

Poets, in general, it may be remarked, are sufficiently burdened with their own vanity;

they need not be loaded with the vanities of those frivolous persons who are all vanity.

REASONS FOR PREFERRING A PROTESTANT TO A ROMAN CATHOLIC WIFE.

THIS article is the more curious, as being the production of St. Evremond, himself a Roman Catholic, and recommending a Protestant wife to a friend of his own persuasion.

The letter containing these sentiments is as follows; it may be found in the first of the three 8vo. volumes of the works of Monsieur De St. Evremond.

You acquaint me, Sir, that you are in love with a Protestant lady; and that, were it not for the difference of religion, you could resolve to marry her. If you are of such a constitution, as not to be able to bear the thoughts of being separated from your wife in the other world, I advise you to marry a Roman Catholic. But, if I were inclined to alter my condition, I should willingly marry a woman of a different religion from my own; for, I should not be without apprehensions, that a Catholic, thinking herself sure of possessing her husband in the next world, might be induced to venture on the enjoyment of a gallant in this.

Besides,

Besides, on this subject, I have an uncommon idea; which, however, I most sincerely believe to be founded in truth: it is, that the Protestant religion is as advantageous to husbands, as the Catholic is favourable to lovers.

That christian liberty, which is the boast of Protestants, creates a certain spirit of resistance, which better secures the women against the insinuations of their lovers; whereas the submission, which the Romish persuasion requires, inclines them, in some degree, to suffer themselves to be overcome: and, indeed, the soul that can submit to grievous penances, will generally yield to pleasurable impressions.

A regular life is the main scope of the reformed religion, and regularity easily produces virtue: the Romish makes women far more devout, and devotion readily diverges into love.

The one thinks it sufficient to forbear what is forbidden; the other, who admits of works of supererogation, allows herself some irregularities, though forbidden, because she does a great deal of good which is not exacted.

With the first, the church affords a security to husbands; with the last, it proves a place of the greatest danger. Indeed, the very objects of mortification in our churches will frequently inspire love. In the picture of Mary Magdalen,

for instance, the representation of her penitence will, with the elder females, raise an idea of her austere life; but the younger will consider it as a languishment of her passion: thus, while the good mother meditates an imitation of the saint in her sufferings; the melting daughter thinks only of the sinner, and amorously revolves the cause of her repentance.

Those penitent ladies, who mourn in a convent the sins which they have committed in the world, are an example for pleasure, as well as for grief; nay, perhaps, they excite a confidence in sinning, by the prospect which they afford of a resource in repenting. A woman contemplates not separately the different parts of their lives, but proposes the whole to her imitation; and, yielding up herself to love while young, she reserves her tears for the comfort of her old age. In that melancholy period of life, so peculiarly subject to pain, it is a species of pleasure to grieve for our sins, or at least opens a passage for those tears which ought to flow for our infirmities.

Then, my friend, you will say, "I am entirely safe with a Protestant wife." To which I answer, what Rabelais makes honest Hippothadeus say to Panurge—"Yes, an't please God!" He who is wise, trusts to Providence:

on

on that he relies for his security, and on himself for a quiet mind.

AN ITALIAN SAINT.

In the Carthusian monastery at Pavia, lies the body of John Galeazzo, a great and wicked tyrant. When the celebrated Philip de Commines visited this place, hearing one of the Carthusians, who shewed him the tomb of Galeazzo, call that abominable despot a saint, he whispered in the ear of his guide, and asked him how he could denominate such a man a saint, about whom he might see painted the arms of so many towns which he had usurped, not one of which he had the smallest right to possess. To this the Carthusian frankly answered, whispering with a voice equally low—"In this country, my friend, we call saints all who are our benefactors."

WIND OF A CANNON BALL.

The famous Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, in the Memoirs of his own Life, informs us that, during a sea-fight, where he was a volunteer, he particularly observed two things; "which," says he, "I dare affirm, though not generally believed. One was, that the wind of a cannon-

a cannon-bullet, though flying ever so near, is incapable of doing the least harm; and, indeed, were it otherwise, no man above deck would escape: the other was, that a great shot may be sometimes avoided, even as it flies, by changing one's ground a little; for, when the wind sometimes blew away the smoke, it was so clear a sun-shiny day, that we could easily perceive the bullets that were half spent fall in the water, and from thence bound up again among us, which gives sufficient time for making a step or two on any side; though, in so swift a motion, it is hard to judge well in what line the bullet comes, which if mistaken may, by removing, cost a man his life, instead of saving it."

THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE WIT.

THE profundity of the philosopher, and the superficiality of the wit, have been thus neatly characterised.

A philosopher and a wit happened to be in the same vessel, crossing from Harwich to Holland; when a high swell rising, the philosopher expressed great anxiety, and declared that he was much afraid of going to the bottom. The wit, on this, though inwardly little less alarmed, instantly replied—"That will suit your genius to a tittle;

a tittle; as for my part, you know, I am only for skimming the surface of things."

BENEVOLENCE AND GRATITUDE.

THE following very curious article is literally given, as it appeared in a most respectable diurnal print, a few years since, from whence it was copied into one of the somewhat more permanent monthly journals, which is now also extinct. Such is sometimes the fate of the best periodical publications! It certainly wears a face of strict authenticity, and is evidently the performance of "no every day writer."

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE PRINCESS DOWAGER OF WALES.

Oh, sweet Benevolence! the sacred chain
That links us to the gods! the pow'r is thine
To smooth the rugged passions, charm the heart,
And wing the soul into her native skies.

WHILE others are deeply engaged in the business of corruption and party, in circulating scandal, or in defaming the innocent, permit me to be the historian of benevolence and virtue. While our nobility and gentry, affecting the wretched levity of France, exhaust their time in an eternal round of frivolous amusements, which are at once mischievous and insignificant; let

me

me be the recorder of other deeds and other characters—scenes which acquire importance from being true, and which are truly splendid because they are truly good. When royalty becomes the patron of humanity, they reflect a lustre upon each other, and we are called upon by double obligations, to imitate the bright example.

Her late royal highness the Princess Dowager of Wales, possessed many extraordinary virtues. A soft heart, a sympathetic soul, and exalted sentiments, were qualities natural to her. Early trained in the school of Misfortune, she had a quick and lively conception of distress in others; and she was equally expeditious in administering comfort to it. This was her ruling principle; this was the fertile fountain of her other virtues; and these virtues were the more amiable, as they bloomed always in private and unseen, and yielded their immortal fruit in silence and retirement. Let those wretches blush, who levelled their scandal at large at her reputation and her peace, and who have so often denied the existence of those virtues which they were unacquainted with.

Her royal highness, soon after her first arrival in these dominions, derived great pleasure from perusing the newspapers; a custom which she discontinued the last ten years of her life,

life, but which first taught her the genius and manners of the English people. In the month of December 1742, her royal highness read in one of these papers the following advertisement—

"DISTRESS.

"A man who has served his country bravely is, by a peculiar circumstance of misfortune, reduced to the extremest distress. He has a family too, who are deeply involved in his fate. This intelligence will be sufficient to those who can feel, and who can relieve. Such persons may be more particularly informed of his past misfortunes, and may be witness of his present, by calling at *****."

I have observed already, that this amiable lady was experienced in distress; and there was an air of truth, of candour, of superiority to deceit, through the whole of this advertisement, which greatly bespoke her sympathy, and roused her humanity. She resolved to see the miserable man who advertised.

Her highness had in her house a lady of German extraction, who accompanied her from Germany to England, and who was her favourite and companion till the lady's death, which happened about fifteen years ago. With this companion she resolved to visit the scene of

distress. In a common morning dress, and in a common chair, to avoid the public eye, she set off about noon, the lady walking slowly behind her. They eluded all observation, and arrived at the appointed place.

The direction led them up two pair of stairs, into a little apartment—in one of the streets behind Golden Square—which they entered. A woman, whose ghastly features were pale with poverty and sickness, lay stretched on a comfortless bed, without curtains, and circled in her arms a female child, whose closed eyes seemed sealed up with death, and whose face out-did her mother's in marks of want and despair. A tall and graceful man sat before a *cold fire*, having on his knee a boy, wrapped round in a flannel petticoat, over whom he hung his head, and gazed upon him with eyes of affection and anguish. All this was seen in the twinkling of an eye. Her highness stopped short, drew close to her companion, and clasped her in her arms, as if she had suddenly entered into the mansion of horror and despair. The man, starting from his chair, placed the child by the side of his hapless mother, advanced gracefully towards the ladies, and begged of them to sit down. Her highness, opening her lips for the first time, said, "With all my heart."

Need

Need I describe to the reader the scene that ensued? Need I inform him, that hope and expectation sat panting in the father's eye; that sensibility and pity wandered o'er the royal features, and diffused over all her countenance a graceful sorrow and dejection? This scene would have afforded the most luxurious feast to a feeling soul! It's such, I will not injure it by my pen, but resign it to be conceived by the imagination.

The attending lady first broke silence, by disclosing their business. She said, that they had read his advertisement, and that they were desirous of receiving the information which it promised. The man thanked them for their humanity, and proceeded to relate his story.

His voice was good, and his style was simple; and he spoke with precision, fluency, and grace. But, as I am not now writing his history, but an anecdote of the Princess Dowager of Wales, I will not relate his history after him. The reader must be contented, at present, with knowing, that he had been an ensign in a marching regiment, which was then in Germany; that a knot of those military coxcombs, with which every regiment is crouded, had conceived a pique against him, for being braver and more sensible than themselves; that one of these hot-

headed youths had sent him a challenge on a very frivolous pretence, which he refused to accept, from motives of duty and honour; that pretences were drawn from this circumstance, and combinations formed to insult and ruin him; that they represented him to the chief commander as a coward, a slanderer, and a bad officer; that his conduct was enquired into, and overpowered by numbers, he was broke for crimes which he never committed; that he set out immediately with his little family for England, to lay his case before the secretary at war, and to implore justice; that, having no powerful friend to introduce him into the war-office, the secretary was too deeply engaged in the business of the war, to listen to the complaints of a friendless ensign; that this put a period to his hopes; that his wife was then seized with sickness, but being destitute of money to procure the necessary remedies, her distemper was soon communicated to the two children; and that, having spent his last sixpence, in a fit of agony and despair, he sent the above-mentioned advertisement to the newspapers, as the last resource which a gentleman's honour could stoop to. Though many pathetic circumstances are suppressed, this is the leading line of the story. He related it with a firm and manly countenance, and was a fine

contrast

contrast to the soft and amiable sensibility which the ladies displayed in the course of it.

It was a case of unfeigned distress, and even despair; and the Princess thought that, in his present desperate situation, she could not yield him sincerer comfort, than by informing him into what safe and powerful hands he had fallen. Putting ten guineas into his hand, she told him, "that the Princess of Wales, to whom he had now related his story, felt for him, and pitied him; and that she would procure justice to himself, his wife, and his infants." The astonished ensign had already dropt on one knee, to acknowledge her rank, her condescension, and her goodness; but, rushing to the door, she hurried down the stairs, and returned into her chair, leaving the ensign wrapt in wonder and gratitude.

Let those enjoy these moments who can feel them. The officer made his little mansion echo with her name: he repeated it with rapture, and recommended it to Heaven; and never were prayers more sincere—while the Princess returned to her house, satisfied that she had begun a good work, which she was resolved to bring to a happy conclusion.

The issue of this is so obvious, that every one may guess it. The Princess applied to the Duke

of

of Cumberland in the officer's behalf; and, after a week had passed, she sent for him to receive a lieutenant's commission, in a regiment which was soon to embark for Flanders. Thus provided for, she enjoined him to prepare for his expedition, and to leave his little family under her protection till his return. Though this charge was dear to him, he willingly resigned it to so faithful a guardian, and set off to join a regiment where he was recommended by royal patronage itself. He behaved with his usual bravery and prudence; and, after the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1748, returned to England, to his wife and to his children, with a major's commission. He lived at home happy and beloved; the same benevolent lady, who first snatched him from ruin, still patronizing him. He afterwards sacrificed his life for his country on the plains of Minden—a field which proved disgraceful to many people, but covered his grey hairs with honour and laurels.

More is not necessary. I have related enough of the old ensign's life, to display the tenderness, the benevolence, the generosity, of the great and amiable lady, whose memory I shall ever revere. It remains now only to inform the reader, that the son of the old ensign—who languished upon his knee, whom he gazed upon with despair, when

when the Princess first entered his wretched habitation—is now the writer of this little story; and he dedicates this sincere tribute to her memory, as a monument of her virtues.

COMMAND OF TEMPER.

To the learned and ingenious Dr. Moore, we are indebted for the following exquisite picture of prudence in passion.

We every day see men, who have the character of being of the most ungovernable tempers; who are apt to fly into violent fits of passion on the most trivial occasions; yet, in the midst of all their rage, and when they seem to be entirely blinded by fury, are still capable of making distinctions, which plainly evince, that they are not so much blinded by anger, as they would seem to be. When people are subject to violent fits of choler, and to an unrestrained licence of words and actions, only in the company of those who, from their unfortunate situation of life, are obliged to bear such abuse, it is a plain proof, that considerations which regard their own personal safety, have some influence on their minds in the midst of their fury, and instruct them to be mad *certa ratione modoque*.

This

This is frequently unknown to those choleric people themselves, while it is fully evident to every person of observation around them. What violent fits of passion do some men indulge themselves in against their slaves and servants, which they always impute to the ungovernable nature of their own tempers; of which, however, they display the most perfect command, upon much greater provocations given by their superiors, equals, or by any set of people who are not obliged to bear their ill humour!

How often do we see men who are agreeable, chearful, polite, and good-tempered, to the world in general, gloomy, peevish, and passionate, to their wives and children! When you happen to be a witness to any instance of unprovoked domestic rage, into which they have allowed themselves to be transported, they will very probably lament their misfortune, in having more ungovernable tempers than the rest ofmankind. But, if a man does not speak and act with the same degree of violence, on equal provocation, without considering whether it comes from *superior*, *equal*, or *dependant*, he plainly shews that he can govern his temper, and that his not doing it on particular occasions, proceeds from the basest and most despicable of all motives.

I remember,

I remember, when I was on the continent with the English army, having seen an officer beat a soldier very unmercifully with his cane. I was then standing with some officers, all of whom seemed to be filled with indignation at this mean exercise of power. When the person who had performed this intrepid exploit came to join the circle, he plainly perceived marks of disapprobation in every countenance; for which reason he thought it necessary to apologize for what he had done. "Nothing," says he, "provokes me so much, as a fellow's looking saucily when I speak to him. I have told that man so fifty times; and yet, on my reprimanding him just now, for having one of the buttons of his waistcoat broken, he *looked saucily* full in my face; which threw me into such a passion, that I could not help threshing him. However, I am sorry for it; because he has the character of being an honest man, and has always done his duty as a soldier very well. How much," continued he, "are those people to be envied, who have a full command of their temper!"

"No man can command it more perfectly than yourself," said a gentleman, who was then in the foot guards, and has since been a general officer.

"I often endeavour to do it," replied the choleric

leric man, " but always find it out of my power. I have not philosophy enough to check the violence of my temper when once I am provoked."

" You certainly do yourself injustice, Sir," said the officer. " No person seems to have his passions under better discipline. With your brother officers, I never saw you, in a single instance, break through the rules of decorum, or allow your anger to overcome your politeness to them."

" They never provoked me," said the passionate man.

" Provoked you!" rejoined the other: " yes, Sir, often; and in a much greater degree than the poor soldier. Do not I, at this moment, give you ten thousand times more provocation than he, or any of the unfortunate men under your command, whom you are so apt to beat and abuse, ever did? and yet you seem perfectly master of your temper."

There was no way left by which the choleric man could prove the contrary, except by knocking the other down; but that was a method of convincing his antagonist which he did not think proper to use. A more intrepid man, in the same predicament, would very probably have had recourse to that expedient; but, in general,

mankind

mankind are able, even in the violence of passion, to estimate, in some measure, the risk they run.

To these excellent remarks of Dr. Moore, we may add, what has been acutely observed by a periodical writer; who, treating on the subject of the passions, says that, unless we indulge them, they are not by any means so much our masters as we would, too often, by way of excuse, wish them to be thought. Reverence to Heaven, and respect to dignity, will prevent the most violently passionate individual from giving way to any visible emotion of rage, at church, or at court; and the same self-denial, were we but determined to enforce it, would have equal effect in our own houses and families.

RENOVATION OF THE HUMAN BODY.

In Howel's Letter to Dr. Mansell, written from Venice, June 23, 1621, are the following singularly curious reflections, on the reproduction or renewal of the human body. The subject is thus introduced—

Speaking of Venice, he says, "She hath restored emperors to their thrones, and popes to their chairs; and, with her gallies, often pre-

served St. Peter's bark from sinking: for which, by way of reward, one of his successors espoused her to the sea; which marriage is solemnly renewed every year, in solemn procession, by the doge, and all the clarissimos, and a gold ring cast into the sea, out of the great galeasse, called the Bucentoro, wherein the first ceremony was performed by the pope himself above three hundred years since, and they say it is the self-same vessel still, though often put upon the carine, and trimmed. This made me think on that famous ship at Athens; nay, I fell upon an abstracted notion in philosophy, and a speculation touching the body of man, which, being in perpetual flux, and a kind of succession of decays, and consequently requiring ever and anon a restoration of what it loseth of the virtue of the former aliment, and what was converted, after the third concoction, into a blood and fleshly substance, which as in all other sublunary bodies that have internal principles of heat, useth to transpire, breathe out, and waste away, through invisible pores, by exercise, motion, and sleep, to make room still for a supply of new nouriture: I fell, I say, to consider, whether our bodies may not be said to be of like consideration with this Bucentoro; which, though it be reputed still the same vessel, yet I

believe

believe there is not a foot of that timber remaining which it had upon the first dock, having been, as they tell me, so often planked and ribbed, caulked and pieced. In like manner, our bodies may be said to be daily repaired by new sustenance, which begets new blood, and consequently new spirits, new humours, and, I may say, new flesh; the old, by continual deperdition and insensible transpirations, evaporating still out of us, and giving way to fresh: so that I make a question—"Whether, by reason of these perpetual reparations and accretions, the body of man may be said to be the same numerical body of his old age that he had in his manhood, or the same in his manhood that he had in his youth, the same in his youth that he carried about him in his childhood, or the same in his childhood which he wore first in the womb?" I make a doubt—"Whether I had the same identical individually numerical body, when I carried a calf-leather satchel to school in Hereford, as when I wore a lamb-skin hood in Oxford; or, whether I have the same mass of blood in my veins, and the same flesh, now in Venice, which I carried about me three years since, up and down London streets; having, in lieu of beer and ale, drank wine all the while, and fed upon different viands?" Now the stomach

mach is like a crucible; for it hath a chemical kind of virtue to transmute one body into another, to transubstantiate fish and fruits into flesh within and about us. But, though it be questionable, whether I wear the same flesh, which is fluxible, I am sure my hair is not the same; for you may remember, I went flaxen-haired out of England, but you shall find me returned with a very dark brown: which I impute, not only to the heat and air of those hot countries I have eat my bread in, but to the quality and difference of food. You will say, that hair is but an excrementitious thing, and makes not to this purpose; moreover, methinks I hear you say, that this may be true only in the blood and spirits, or such fluid parts, not in the solid and heterogeneal parts. But I will press no farther, at this time, this philosophical notion, which the sight of Bucentoro infused into me; for it hath already made me exceed the bounds of a letter, and I fear me to trespass too much upon your patience. I leave the farther disquisition of this point to your own contemplations; who are a far riper philosopher than I, and have waded deeper into, and drunk more of, Aristotle's well. But, to conclude, though it be doubtful whether I carry about me the same body, or no, in all points, that I had in England; I am well assured,

I bear

I bear still the same mind, and therein I have verified the old verse—

Cœlum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt.

The air, but not the mind, they change,
Who in outlandish countries range.

"For, what alterations soever happen in this microcosm, in this little world, this small bulk and body of mine, you may be confident that nothing shall alter my affections, especially towards you, but that I will persevere still the same, the very same."

REST FOR THE UNDERSTANDING.

THERE are times when the intellectual faculties of the strongest mind seek repose from trifling, and even thus gain a renovated vigour; as the body recovers from it's lassitude, and acquires new strength, by inertion.

The following well known anecdote relating to the late Earl of Mansfield, pleasantly illustrates this idea.

On this great man's first becoming eminent at the bar, he used frequently to spend his time, from Saturday evening to Monday morning, at the beautiful seat of the late Lord Foley; who, though a very worthy character, was by no means

means remarkable either for wit or talents. This having been particularly noticed, among their mutual friends, one of them asked Charles Townsend what could be Murray's motive for wasting so much of his time in such a manner. "Pho! pho!" says Townsend, "Murray is a very prudent fellow: from the nature of his business, he is obliged to fag a great deal in the course of the week, and he goes down to Foley's, on a Sunday, to rest his understanding!"

Though this, unquestionably, was only uttered for the joke's sake, it will, we seriously believe, be generally found, that almost every man of extraordinary capacity frequently associates, more than might be expected, with some person of very inferior intellect; the true cause of which is, though not always perceived by himself, a mental lassitude, which nature thus leads him to repair, in such society as best affords rest for the understanding.

PATERNAL TENDERNESS OF AN AMERICAN INDIAN.

During the latter wars in America, a tribe of Indians of the Abenaki nation defeated a detachment of English soldiers. The vanquished could not escape from enemies swifter of

of foot than themselves, who pursued them with vengeance; and they were treated with a barbarity, of which there are few examples even in that country.

A young English officer, closely pursued by two Indians armed with hatchets, no longer had any hopes of escaping death; he was, however, determined to sell his life dearly. At this moment, an old Indian, armed with a bow, approached him, and prepared to pierce him with an arrow; but, after having drawn it to the point, he suddenly let fall his bow, and ran to throw himself between the young officer and the two barbarians who were going to embrue their hands in his blood.

They immediately retired with respect: and the old man took the Englishman by the hand; with his caresses assuaged his fears; and carried him to his hut, where he treated him with the greatest tenderness. Instead of making him his slave, he treated him as his companion. He taught him the Indian language, and the rude arts which are necessary to these people; and they lived together in a very amicable manner. One thing alone made the young Englishman uneasy: sometimes, the old man would fix his eyes on him; and, after having considered him attentively, he would shed tears!

At the return of spring, the Indians again took up arms, and began the campaign. The old man, who had still strength enough to support the fatigues of war, went with them, accompanied by his prisoner.

The Abenakies marched more than two hundred leagues through forests; at length they came to a plain, where they discovered an English camp, to which the old Indian directed the young man's attention. Observing his countenance—"Behold thy countrymen," said he; "they are waiting for us, in order to give us battle. Now, mark what I say: I have saved thy life; I have taught thee to make a canoe, a bow, and arrows; I have instructed thee to hunt, to use the hatchet, and to tear off the scalp from the enemy. What wast thou when I had thee brought to my hut? Thy hands were those of a child; they neither served to supply thee with food, nor to defend thee; thy soul was in darkness, thou didst not know any thing. Couldst thou be so ungrateful as to join thy countrymen, and take up the hatchet against us?"

The Englishman protested, that he would rather a thousand times die, than spill the blood of an Abenaki.

The Indian, holding down his head, covered his face with his hands; and, having been some time

time in this attitude, he fixed his eyes on the young Englishman, and said to him, in a tone of voice expressive of grief and tenderness—"Hast thou a father?"—"He was living when I left my native country."—"How very unhappy he must be!" exclaimed the Indian: and, after a moment's silence, he added, "I have seen my son fall in battle; he was by my side! he died like a man! My son was covered with wounds when he fell: but I have been revenged; yes, I have revenged his death!"

He pronounced these words with great emphasis; his body was very much agitated; he was almost stifled with the groans which he endeavoured to suppress: but his eyes were wild, and he did not shed a tear.

He gradually became more calm; and, turning himself towards the east, where the sun was just going to rise, he said to the young Englishman—"Dost thou see that beautiful sky, which reflects so clear a light? Hast thou pleasure in beholding it?"—"Yes," replied the Englishman, "I have great pleasure in beholding that beautiful sky."—"I have no longer any!" exclaimed the Indian, shedding a flood of tears.

A moment after, he pointed to a young fruit-tree in blossom, and said, "Does it give thee

pleasure to behold that fine tree?"—"Yes, it does give me great pleasure."

"It no longer affords me any," replied the old Indian, with precipitation: then, again addressing himself to the young man—"Go," said he, "return to thy native country; that thy father may have pleasure in beholding the sun at his rising, and the flowers of the spring!"

FORTUNATE FORESIGHT OF HOTMAN GALAMA.

THE gulph of the Zuderzée, where the Dutch ships at present enter the ocean, was in the time of William II. King of the Romans, and Count of Holland, covered with fertile pastures. Hotman Galama, a gentleman of Friesland, had lands in this district: one day, while he was walking in his meadows, he perceived a herring, in a ditch which had no apparent communication with the sea. It immediately struck him, that there must be some subterranean channel, and that the earth on which he walked was undermined; from whence he concluded that, perpetually sapped by an element which destroys the most solid foundations, it could not long endure. He hastened, therefore, to sell his estates; and, with

with the produce, purchased a village, which his descendants still enjoy. His foresight proved useful, for the land covered an abyss; and ships now cast anchor on the very spot where numerous herds of cattle anciently grazed.

THE SPOILED CHILD.

A WOMAN of fashion had a son; and so greatly did she dread injury to his health, from contradiction, that he was become a petty tyrant, and raged with fury at the smallest opposition which any one ever dared to make to his wildest and most extravagant wishes.

The husband of this lady, as well as their relatives and friends, represented to her, that she would ruin this darling child; but it was all of no avail.

One evening, while she was in her chamber, she heard her son crying in the court-yard: he tore his face with rage, because a domestic refused him something which he wanted.

"You are very impertinent," said she to the valet, "not to give the child what he asks of you: obey him instantly!"

"On my faith, madam," replied the valet, "he might cry till to-morrow without having it."

At

At these words, the lady grew furious, and was ready to fall in convulsions: she ran, however; and entering a parlour, where her husband was seated with some friends, intreated him to follow her, and instantly to turn out of their house the insolent servant who had dared to disobey her orders. The husband, who had the same weakness for his wife which she had for their child, followed her, lifting his shoulders with horror; while the company placed themselves at the window, to learn what was the matter in dispute.

"Insolent," said the gentleman to his valet, "how have you dared to disobey my lady, by refusing to give the child what he asked."

"Indeed, Sir," replied the valet, "my lady has only to give it him herself. For a quarter of an hour, at least, he has been looking at the moon in a pail of water, and he insists on my giving it to him!"

At these words, the company, as well as the husband, were unable to refrain from loud peals of laughter: even the lady herself, in spite of her anger, could not help laughing also; and was so ashamed of the affair, that she proceeded to correct the child with her own hands, and thus made an amiable boy of this little ill-tempered and perverse urchin.

Many

Many mothers, says the French writer from whom this is translated, have need of a similar adventure!

KNIGHTHOOD OF THE SULTAN SALADIN.

THIS curious article, said to be founded in historical fact, and which explains the original ceremonies used in conferring the order of knighthood, as practised in most courts of Europe, is translated from the French.

Hugh of Tiberias, Lord of Galilee, with many other knights, had the misfortune to be taken prisoner by Saladin, sultan of Egypt, after performing amazing feats of valour. The sultan, who was no stranger to the character of the unfortunate Hugh, was greatly pleased with having him in his power; and told him, that unless he agreed to pay a large ransom, he must instantly prepare for death. The knight replied, that he would readily pay the ransom, if it did not exceed his abilities; and desired to know what sum was necessary. Saladin told him, that nothing less than a hundred thousand bysants of gold would be sufficient to purchase his liberty.

"Alas, Sir!" answered Hugh, "you demand more than the value of all my estates."

"Be

"Be not discouraged," replied the sultan; "it will be no difficult matter for you to acquire the sum demanded. You are remarkable for valour and intrepidity, and have often distinguished yourself by the most glorious actions; it cannot be supposed that there is a single knight, who will refuse to contribute towards the ransom of so brave a warrior? I will permit you to return to the Christian army, provided you engage either to pay this ransom, at the end of two years, or deliver yourself up a prisoner."

Hugh readily accepted the offer, and prepared for his departure; but, in a few minutes, the sultan returned, took him by the hand, led him into his own apartment, and thus addressed him—

"I conjure you, by the religion which you profess, to acquaint me with a secret which I have long desired to know. The Christian knights have rendered themselves famous all over the world; and I am anxious to learn what ceremonies are used at bestowing this order, and by what means I may obtain it?"

"Sir," replied Hugh, "the sacred order of knighthood would be ill bestowed on you; for, according to our laws, you are esteemed destitute of grace, and an enemy to the true religion. Would it not be considered as an egregious piece of folly, to adorn a dunghill with flowers; which

which would, notwithstanding every care, still retain it's disagreeable odour? In like manner should we commit the grossest error, by decking you in the robes of the Christian order. I dare not undertake it."

"You have nothing to dread," replied the sultan: "you are my prisoner; and, as such, are bound to execute whatever I command. It is my pleasure that you immediately perform this ceremony; nor will I admit of any excuse.

Hugh, finding it vain to contend, began to instruct him in the several ceremonies.

He first caused the sultan's beard to be trimmed, as becomes a new knight, and then led him to the bath.

Saladin enquired the meaning of these several forms; to which Hugh answered—

"As the tender babe, after being washed in the waters of baptism, is freed from all pollution; so you, Sir, are to come from this bath free from all baseness, and filled with courtesy. You are to bathe yourself in the waters of humility, gentleness, and benevolence, and endeavour to render yourself beloved by all the world."

Saladin, pleased with the explanation, cried out—

"This, by the great Alla! is a noble beginning."

Hugh now took him from the bath, and placed him on a rich and soft bed, saying—

This bed intimates that, by the atchievements of knighthood, we are to purchase the bed of true rest in the mansions of eternity."

When the sultan had laid some time on the bed, Hugh bade him arise. He then put on him a garment of fine linen, and afterwards arrayed him in a scarlet robe. Saladin, with some wonder, asked the meaning of these different pieces of apparel; to which Hugh answered—

The first indicates, that a knight ought to be particularly careful to keep himself free from every vice, spotless like a linen garment from the fields of the bleacher; and the second, that he thinks nothing too great, nor too hard, if it tends to promote the honour of the Almighty, and the service of religion.

Saladin, struck with the propriety of the remark, answered—

"This is truly singular, and gives me infinite delight."

The knight then put on the feet of Saladin a pair of dark brown shoes, saying—

"Let this earthly colour remind you continually of death, and the subterraneous mansion to which every step tends, and from which you can never return. The thought of this should teach you

you humility and modesty; a proud knight being a scandal to his order, and a reproach to human nature."

He then girded the sultan with a white sash; adding—

"This intimates, that you are carefully to preserve an unspotted purity, and despise luxury of every kind. A true knight should be irreproachable in his conduct, and intrepid in every action which has a tendency to promote the cause of virtue."

Hugh next put on the feet of Saladin a pair of gilt spurs, saying—

"These spurs, which are intended to augment the fury and swiftness of the horse, denote that, with the speed of the rapid courser, you should fly to the assistance of every person in distress, and lay prostrate before you those who trample on the sacred laws of justice and humanity. This is the constant practice of every knight, who desires to obey the precepts, and support the dignity, of his order."

Hugh then girded on the sword; adding—

"This weapon is to defend you from the assaults of your enemies, and punish the champions of vice and immorality. It's two edges intimate, that the two motives which regulate a knight's conduct are uprightness and loyalty:

the former animates him to assist the weak, when oppressed by the weighty hand of flagitious tyranny; and the latter, to defend his country against all the attempts of it's perfidious enemies."

Here the knight made a pause; and, the sultan asking if any thing was wanting to compleat the ceremony, Hugh answered—

"There is still one particular remaining, which cannot now be performed: I mean, the kiss of peace, given in remembrance of Him for whose sake the order was established. This must be omitted, as I am now your prisoner."

Highly pleased with the ceremony, and it's emblematical intention, Saladin arose; and, in the robes of knighthood, led Hugh into the divan, where fifty emirs were assembled. After causing him to sit down, he recommended him to their liberality, as an unfortunate warrior. Nor was this recommendation in vain: they collected for the prisoner thirteen thousand bysants of gold above what the sultan demanded for his ransom.

An instance of generosity so remarkable astonished the knight; and convinced him, which was no easy matter in those times, that even Infidels may be capable of good works.

He received their liberality with gratitude, and employed it in ransoming a great number of Christian

Christian captives. Saladin also released gratuitously ten knights to accompany Hugh; who, loaded with honours and presents, departed from the tents of that royal commander, whose valour subdued all the kingdoms of the east.

THE MIRACULOUS PREACHER.

A WIDOW had one of her sons educated for the church, though he neither possessed inclination, nor any one qualification necessary for the due discharge of the ministerial office.

At the first sermon which this young man publicly delivered, his mother, who would not have lost such a masterpiece of oratory for an empire, was the first person in church, notwithstanding the excessive coldness of the weather on that day.

The good lady, in raptures with the sermon which this favourite youth had preached, asked another of her sons what he thought of his brother's discourse.

This young man, who really possessed a good understanding, appearing to enter into the ideas of the mother, replied—"My brother, madam, you may depend, will in time perform great miracles, since he has already wrought one in his first sermon."

The

The fond and partial mother, who expected to hear of nothing less than the conversion of some obstinate heretic, or the reformation of some vicious character who had been thought irreclaimable, asked her son what miracle it was which his brother had performed. "Ah! my dear mother," replied he, "notwithstanding the severity of the frost, and the want of fire, I solemnly protest, that my brother actually made me sweat!"

This affords an excellent lesson to all fathers and mothers who, not having the smallest idea of the nature of study—which is, in fact, by no means fit for all the world—would bring up and devote their children to that kind of learning for which they are the least suited.

"Non ex omni ligno fit Mercurius," says the old Latin adage: every stick will not make an arrow; nor every man a minister.

ROYAL CONDESCENSION.

For this curious article we owe our acknowledgments to the late Mr. Andrews. It is given in his Anecdotes, &c. Ancient and Modern; and we shall present it in the exact words of that writer,

writer, as published in 1790: only premising that, it displays George II. our late sovereign, in a character no less amiable than that of the Good Samaritan.

" The following story," says Mr. Andrews, " which is really authentic, and was delivered to the editor, immediately from the inferior of the parties concerned, is at least interesting, as it exhibits an exalted character in a much more familiar and pleasing light, than that in which it has been generally seen.

" About five-and-thirty years since, a very worthy man, and one whose word may be relied on, went to St. James's Palace to visit one of the pages, whose apartment was two pair of stairs high. He drank tea there, took his leave, and stepping back unadvisedly, on his friend's shutting the door after him, he half slipped and half tumbled, down a whole flight of steps, and probably, with his head burst open a closet-door. We say probably, because the unlucky visitor was too compleatly stunned with the fall, to know what had happened. Certain it is, that he found himself on his recovery, sitting on the floor of a small room, and most kindly attended by a neat little old gentleman, who was carefully washing his head with a towel, and fitting, with infinite exactness, pieces of sticking plaister

ter to the variegated cuts, which the accident had conferred on the abrupt visitor's unwigged pate. For some time his surprise kept him silent; but, finding that the kind physician had compleated his task, and had even picked up his wig and replaced it on his battered head, he rose from the floor, and limping towards his benefactor, was going to utter a profusion of thanks for the succour he had received, and enquiries into the manner of his mishap. These were however instantly checked, by an intelligent frown, and by a significant wave of the hand towards the door of the closet. The patient understood the hint, and retired; taking more care of his steps downwards for the remainder of the staircase, and wondering how so much humanity, and so much unsociableness, could dwell in the same breast. His wonder—which like all other wonder, was connected with folly—ceased, when he found, on describing to a friend the situation of the closet, that he had owed the kind assistance he had received, to the first man in the kingdom; who, after having exercised the humanity of the fellow-creature, found too much of the monarch about him to support a familiar conversation with the person he had relieved."

PIGALLE'S STATUE OF VOLTAIRE.

It has been said, that the noblest occupation of an orator, is to celebrate the glory of some hero; and it may be added that, for an artist, nothing can be more glorious, than to raise the monument of a great man. Filled with this idea, Pigalle set out for Ferney, that he might form a burst of Voltaire. When he arrived, he found the poet oppressed with age; his head bent towards the earth, and his whole appearance exhibiting the strongest marks of decrepitude. That he might bring a little life into his countenance, he thought proper to ask him, if he was not the author of La Pucelle? On this question, Voltaire's features brightened up; he assumed a smiling air, and readily complied with a request made to him by the artist, of reciting a few passages from that work. Pigalle availed himself of the favourable moments which this lucky thought produced; finished his model; and, next morning, took what is called French leave of the poet.

Pigalle being desirous of forming a figure after his own idea, which might serve young artists as a model for the study of the muscles, and

of anatomy, in the same style as the flayed figure of Michael Angelo, an opportunity of executing this design soon occurred. A society of men of letters proposed to him the erection of a monument to Voltaire, who was then still living; and the artist consented, provided he should not be constrained to cover with drapery the figure which he intended to make of Voltaire. This was agreed; and Pigalle began to work on the marble, from a living model, the ugliest, most meagre, and disgusting, that could possibly be found. Some of his friends represented to him, that a little drapery, happily introduced, would conceal the hideousness of this figure, and prevent the eye from fixing it's attention any where except on the head, which had been so often crowned with honour. The artist, however, was deaf to all their arguments: he preferred an exact anatomical representation, to a fine statue; and this circumstance gave rise to the following epigram.

Pigalle au naturel reprèſente Voltaire,
Le ſquelette, à la fois, l'homme et l' auteur:
L'œil qui le voit ſans parure etrangére,
Eſt effrayé de ſa maigreur.

Which has been thus neatly, though not compleatly, rendered—

With

With nature's truth, the man and author too,
Pigalle's fam'd chiſel here preſents to view:
To eyes which, ſtripp'd of dreſs, behold him near,
As both, how meagre, doth Voltaire appear!

The shock, or horror, of this view, to the discerning eye, so happily expressed in the French, is entirely lost by the translator.

THE GARLAND OF JULIA.

THIS elegant New Year's Gift was presented by the celebrated Duke De Montausier, to the beautiful Julia D'Angennes; who had been so enthusiastic an admirer of the heroic actions of the great Gustavus, King of Sweden, that she kept his portrait constantly on her toilet, and declared that she would never acknowledge any other lover.

It was not till a short time after the death of Gustavus, that the Duke De Montausier, who ventured to pay his addresses to this lady, prepared that ingenious offspring of gallantry, known by the name of Julia's Poetical Garland, and which Huet has so agreeably described.

The Duke, it seems, procured an eminent artist to paint the most beautiful flowers on separate pieces of vellum, but equal in size, leaving under each flower a sufficient space for the introduction of a madrigal, containing a cha-

racteristic compliment from the flower to the object of his affections. For the completion of this design, he solicited the assistance of the wits of his time; reserving, however, some of the most favourite subjects for the amorous effusions of his own muse. These little poems were inscribed under the respective flowers by a penman of the first celebrity; and, the whole being magnificently bound, was deposited in a bag of rich Spanish leather, which Julia, when she awaked, the first morning of a new year, found lying on her toilet.

"As I had long heard," says Huet," of this Garland, "I frequently expressed a wish to see it. The Dutchess of Uzez, at length, gratified me with the sight. She locked me in her cabinet, one afternoon, with this Garland, while she went to visit the queen, and liberated me at the close of the evening. Never have I passed a more agreeable afternoon!"

At the sale of the Duke De la Valliere's famous library, this literary curiosity was actually sold for 14,510 livres, though the prime cost appears to have been only 700!

The Abbé Rives, superintendant of this celebrated library, published a curious and minute account of Julia's Garland, in 1779.

The flowers, twenty-nine in number, are said

said to have been painted by an artist of the name of Robert. There is also a frontispiece, in which these twenty-nine flowers compose an elegant Garland; and, on the opposite page, a Cupid is painted.

Among the madrigals, which are of various authors, that of the Violet is generally esteemed the happiest poetical effusion. We shall, therefore, present the reader with the original; subjoining, as usual, an English translation.

LA VIOLETTE.

Modeste en ma couleur, modeste en mon sejour,
Franche d'ambition, je me cache sous l'herbe;
Mais, si sur vôtre front je puis me voir un jour,
La plus humble des fleurs sera la plus superbe.

THE VIOLET.

Modest my hue, and modest my retreat,
Free from ambition, in the grass I hide;
But, on thy temples might I gain a seat,
The lowliest flow'r would boast the loftiest pride.

This celebrated Garland is still preserved; and, since the French Revolution, having found it's way to England, has been offered for sale at the extravagant price of five hundred pounds.

JOSEPH OF ILA.

In Queen Anne's reign, the British Augustan age, few made a more illustrious figure than Butler, Duke of Ormond. It

It happened that his grace, who had been appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, on his passage to undertake his government, was forced in, by contrary winds, to the then almost barren island of Ila. In this small and bleak island, there was no place where his excellency could find tolerable accommodation, but a poor clergyman's house, which contained two or three small rooms only, very indifferently furnished. These inconveniences, however, were amply compensated by the chearful and happy disposition of the parson, whose name was Joseph, and his frugal but decent hospitality.

The wind, in a few days, shifting about, the duke and his retinue prepared to proceed on their passage; but, before going on board, his grace being at breakfast, asked their host the value of his living. "Only twenty-two pounds," replied Joseph. At which his excellency, greatly surprised, asked how he contrived to have every thing so decent and neat on such a small salary. "Why," replied he, "my wife Rebecca is an excellent housewife; and, as we have two cows, she sells the milk and cheese, which almost support the family, while we reserve my twenty-two pounds for cloaths, and our children's education: this, at all events, I am determined to give

give them; and then, the world is before them, let them shift for themselves."

Ormond was charmed at the sight of so much contentment, and genuine felicity, as this poor but generous clergyman enjoyed; and, having made the frugal wife a handsome present, he promised to do still something more for her husband, and immediately went on board.

Joseph, after waiting some time with great anxiety, to learn what would be done in his favour, at length took the resolution of going to Dublin, and pushing his fortune; for which he seemed to have had only this single chance in his whole life. Fully bent on his design, he set out, and soon arrived. Being a man of some abilities, he conceived that the best way to attain his end would be, if possible, by preaching before his excellency, and using sufficient address to make the duke recollect who he was, and what had been promised: if he could accomplish his end this way, it would, he thought, be more successful, than by an indelicate bluntness to visit his excellency, and put him in mind of his promise.

He applied, accordingly, to the dean, for permission to preach in the cathedral on the following Sunday. The dean, who knew nothing about him, and had, indeed, never heard of him before, seemed

seemed a little surprised at the request; but, being of a humane and gentle disposition, he did not peremptorily refuse. Judging it necessary, however, to be somewhat acquainted with the abilities of the person who solicited this favour, before he engaged to grant it, he artfully entered into a conversation with the stranger on various subjects; and, finding him to be a man possessed of no contemptible share either of natural or acquired abilities, he permitted him to preach the next Sunday forenoon before his excellency and both houses of Parliament. Joseph, having mounted the pulpit, chose that remarkable text—"But the chief butler—(his grace's name was Butler)—remembered not Joseph, but forgat him." Under this text, the reverend preacher used his utmost efforts to point out the unhappy tendency which high life has on the great, to make them overlook beneficent actions, performed for them, on important occasions, by those who even tread in the humblest paths of indigence and obscurity: and, having described the inhumanity and injustice of this negligence towards their generous benefactors, he observed, that this negligence often rather took it's rise from the multiplicity of business in which they were laudably employed—or from having their ears poisoned with the fascinating adulations of

that servile crowd of flatterers, which never fail, on all occasions, to seduce their attention from the most noble of all pursuits, such as humanity, benevolence, and compassion, for those of sensuality, intemperance, riot, and debauchery —than from any innate depravity of heart. Having delineated this unhappy tenor of conduct at some length, and with the most pathetic, lively, and animated address, so that almost every person who heard him felt the force of what he said; he compleated his design, by making this powerful application—"And now, my honoured hearers," cried he, "let us turn our thoughts inward, and question ourselves. Did ever I get a kind office done me by one of an inferior station of life, to whom a bountiful Providence had not been so liberal as to worldly affluence, but had bestowed the more valuable favours of a kind, generous, and open heart; and who resembled the poor widow in the gospel, that freely gave a mite to the poor, although it was her all; and have I overlooked such generosity, and basely forgot to reward it seven-fold? Have ever I been in such a situation, exposed to the inclemencies of a storm, and where conflicting elements seemed to conspire my ruin? And did ever any person, of a low but contented station of life, with open arms receive me and my

weather-beaten attendants into his house—while, perhaps, his equally kind spouse was busy in heaping on plenty of fuel, to recal the heat into our chilled and benumbed limbs; and preparing, with the utmost solicitude, a repast of decent, plain, and comfortable food, to revive our exhausted spirits, and to cherish our hearts, now secure from the impetuosity of the roaring storm—nor would the kind pair permit us to venture away from their frugal but happy abode, till serener weather, and milder skies, invited our departure, though they had no hopes, or at least no certainty, of retaliation on my part—and have I, with a baseness of soul unworthy of my station, not only permitted such true benevolence to pass unrewarded; but have, as if ashamed to acknowledge my benefactors, suffered them to languish under the iron grasp of poverty, and possibly to solicit Charity's cold hand in vain?"

Here the duke, who had been all along attentive to the sermon, could not avoid examining his own conduct; and, on recollection, found that himself was guilty of some pieces of negligence equally criminal, and perfectly similar to this which had just now been described in such affecting colours. But still more was he affected when, on a thorough survey of the parson, he found that he bore a striking resemblance

blance to the figure and features of his hospitable entertainer in the island of Ila; who, till brought to recollection by this affecting discourse, he had shamefully forgotten. Turning now to one of his lords, he asked him, if this was not their old host in Ila. Being answered, by the nobleman, that he thought it was—"Cause him," said his excellency, "after service, to come and dine with me."

Joseph being introduced, the duke asked him if he did not come from Ila; and whether it was not with the design to put him in mind of his promise to provide for him. Here Joseph blushed; and, with that ingenuous frankness which is natural to a generous mind, confessed that he did, and that it really was with that sole intention. He imagined, he said, that his excellency's neglect of him did not arise from any contempt of his meanness of life, or from the dishonourable shame of acknowledging a good office when done by an inferior, which a great soul like his excellency's must disdain: but, from the vast and important concerns of the government with which he was intrusted, he could account it no matter of surprise that this, like a small receipt amidst a heap of papers, should slip aside and be lost. To which the duke replied—"You are a worthy man!" and,

immediately after dinner, he ordered the vacancies of the church to be examined. The clerk, after searching, told his excellency that there was none but a living of four hundred pounds a year. His excellency answered, " There is none more deserving of it than this generous worthy man !" And immediately preferred Joseph, from his poor twenty-two pounds a year, to four huudred.

How sudden, and how great, are the transitions of fortune ! Hardly can we make this exclamation on the rise of Joseph, when we are summoned to repeat it by the fall of his generous patron.

The whig interest now getting the superiority—for jarring interests and faction will always be joined in a free state—the Duke of Ormond was divested of all his dignities ; and, escaping a trial, by retiring to France, became fugitated, and his large fortune was forfeited to the crown. The liberality of his friends for some time supplied him ; but, alas ! these aids were soon withdrawn, and the once great Duke of Ormond, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Lieutenant General of her Majesty's Armies, &c. now found himself treading in the lowest paths of fortune, and surrounded with all the horrors of indigence, contempt, and death.

At this juncture, how agreeably was he surprised, to find a comfortable supply from a very unexpected channel; that of his old friend, Joseph of Ila! That generous-hearted man, hearing of his great patron and benefactor's misfortunes, thought it the smallest part of his duty to spare as much as he could out of his benefice, to supply the necessities of that great and good man from whom he derived all he possessed. Taking, therefore, one day, his wife aside, "Becca, my dear," said he, "you hear what has happened to the Duke of Ormond, who liberally put us into our present affluent situation; and you know very well, that we can as easily live on one hundred pounds a year as one thousand. What would you think of settling three hundred pounds a year on our generous patron for life? For, I hear, to the disgrace of his friends, that he is in danger of perishing through real want."

Becca readily assented to the noble proposal; and, immediately, Joseph modestly remitted to the duke the first quarter of his annuity.

Struck with this second act of kindness, his grace wrote a full account of it to a great personage at court; who, though in a different political interest, still preserved inviolable the laws of friendship, amidst all the commotions of state.

Charmed

Charmed with such true generosity, this courtier got Joseph preferred to a second living, making in the whole eight hundred pounds a year: but, prior to this second preferment, the Duke of Ormond died in exile; so that Joseph had it no more in his power to relieve the wants, and alleviate the misfortunes, of his noble benefactor, who was now secure from the blustering storms of adversity, in that land "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

Every circumstance of this story is said to be founded on the strictest reality. Some years ago, an officer of rank in the army, positively declared, that he was the grandson of the hero of this narrative, and used frequently to gratify his friends by relating these particulars respecting his benevolent progenitor, Joseph of Ila.

WONDERFUL EFFECT OF A DEAD RATTLE SNAKE'S ENVENOMED FANGS.

THE following singular anecdote is related by Hector St. John, author of the celebrated American Farmer's Letters.

"A farmer in Pennsylvania went to mowing with his negroes, in his boots; a precaution used to

to prevent being stung. Inadvertently, he trod on a snake, which immediately flew at his legs; and, as it drew back, in order to renew it's blow, one of his negroes cut it in two with his scythe. They prosecuted their work, and returned home At night, the farmer pulled off his boots, and went to bed; and was soon after attacked with a strange sickness at his stomach. He swelled; and, before a physician could be sent for, he died. The sudden death of this man did not cause much enquiry. The neighbourhood wondered, as is usual in such cases; and, without any farther examination, the corpse was buried.

" A few days after, the son put on his father's boots, and went to the meadows: at night, he pulled them off, went to bed, and was attacked with the same symptoms, about the same time, and died in the morning. A little before he expired, the doctor came, but was not able to assign the cause of so singular a disorder. However, rather than appear wholly at a loss before the country people, he pronounced both father and son to have been bewitched.

" Some weeks after, the widow sold all the moveables, for the benefit of the younger children, and the farm was leased. One of the neighbours, who bought the boots, presently put them on, and was attacked in the same manner

as

as the other two had been. But this man's wife, being alarmed by what had happened in the former family, dispatched one of her negroes for an eminent physician; who, fortunately, having heard something of the dreadful affair, guessed at the cause, applied oil, &c. and recovered the man. The boots, which had been so fatal, were then carefully examined; and he found that the two fangs of the snake had been left in the leather, after being wrenched out of their sockets by the strength with which the snake had drawn back it's head.

"The bladders which contained the poison, and several of the small nerves, were still fresh, and adhered to the boot. The unfortunate father and son had been poisoned by pulling off the boots; in which action they imperceptibly scratched their legs with the points of the fangs, through the hollow of which some of this poison was conveyed."

CREDULITY OF THE CROWD.

QUIN, the celebrated actor, and another performer, were passing one evening through St. Paul's Church-yard, when their attention was attracted by a mob of people, who were assembled

to

to hear a man relate, " That there had been a chimney on fire in the Borough; that he had seen with his own eyes, the engines go, in order to extinguish it; but that it was quite out before they arrived." On observing the attention of such a concourse of people attracted by so very dull and interesting a detail, Mr. Quin and his friend could not help reflecting on the natural curiosity of Englishmen, which is excited by the most trifling circumstance—and very frequently by no circumstance at all. " Let us try," said " Quin, " an experiment on our countrymen's curiosity." This was immediately agreed to; and, the plan being concerted, they repaired to the opposite side of the church-yard. Having taken a convenient stand, and staring up to the stone gallery, Quin gravely said—" This is about the " time."—" Yes," replied the other, taking out his watch, and looking at it under a lamp, " this was precisely the time it made it's appearance last " night." They had now collected at least a dozen inquisitive spectators; who, fixing their eyes on the dome, asked—What was to be seen? To this Mr. Quin replied, that the ghost of a lady, who had been murdered, had been seen to walk round the rails of the stone-gallery for some evenings, and that she was expected to walk again to-night. This information pre-

sently spread through the multitude; which, by this time, was augmented to at least a hundred. All eyes were fixed on the stone-gallery; and imagination frequently supplied the place of reality, in making them believe that they perceived something move on the top of the ballustrade. The joke having thus taken, Quin and his companion withdrew; passed the evening at the Half-moon Tavern, in Cheapside; and, on their return, between twelve and one, found the crowd still remaining, in eager expectation of the ghost's arrival.

VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTION OF A LOYAL LADY.

After the battle of Ivry, Henry IV. of France, being very much in want of money, asked one of his most trusty courtiers where he could procure some. The courtier replied, that he knew a wealthy merchant's wife, who was a zealous royalist, and might most probably assist him. The monarch then advised an immediate visit to the lady, and offered to accompany him in disguise. At the close of the evening, they both set out from the camp at Marli, for Meulan, where

where Madame Le Clerc, the lady in question, resided.

They were very hospitably received; and, after the usual congratulations on the success of the King's army, the courtier, affecting an air of deep sorrow, thus opened the business—"Alas! madam, to what purpose are all our victories! we are in the greatest distress imaginable. His Majesty has no money to pay his troops; and they threaten to revolt, and join the leaguers. Mayenne will triumph at last."—"Is it possible!" exclaimed Madame Le Clerc. "Let not that, however, afflict our gracious sovereign. He will still find new resources. He fights for too glorious a cause to be abandoned. Many other persons will follow my example."

On saying this, she quitted the room; and soon returned with several bags full of gold, which she laid at their feet. "This is all I can do for the present," added she gracefully. "Go, and relieve the prince of his anxiety. Wish him, from me, all the success and happiness which he merits. Tell him, above all, to be confident that he reigns in the hearts of his subjects; and that my life and fortune are, and ever will be, at his disposal."

Henry could no longer conceal himself—"Generous woman!" he cried, "my friend has no occasion to go far for the King to know the excellence of your heart. He now stands before you, and is a witness to the effusions of your sensibility! Be assured, that the favour will ever remain indelibly engraved on Henry's heart."

Madame Le Clerc fell at her sovereign's feet, unable to utter a word. The courtier wept with transport; and Henry himself joined in the delicious emotions.

But the time was too precious to be wholly devoted to friendship and gratitude; since, for want of money, the troops were that very morning ready to revolt. Henry and his friend, however, having taken leave of the lady, soon reached the army; who, hearing that they were to receive their pay, made the air resound with "Vive le Roi!—Long live the King!"

From that moment, success attended every enterprize of that monarch: who, having at length subdued his enemies, and rendered himself master of the capital, sent for Madame Le Clerc, on a day when the court was most brilliant; and, presenting her to the nobility—"You see," said Henry, "in this lady, a true friend of mine. To her I owe all the success of my last campaigns.

campaigns. It was she who lent me large sums of money to carry on the war, at a period when even my troops threatened to abandon me. Reimbursed, however, she shall be, with more than lawful interest, and letters patent of nobility shall forthwith be issued in her favour."

"Ah, sire," interrupted Madame Le Clerc, "does your majesty reckon as nothing the infinite pleasure I then felt, and have ever since felt, in contributing to the happiness and success of my sovereign? That is all the interest that belongs to me, and the sole reward to which my ambition has ever aspired!"

The lady, however, accepted the title, but refused the offered interest; and the family of Le Clerc, who have since distinguished themselves in civil and military capacities, still exist.

SELF THE SEVEREST CRITIC.

In affairs of literature, says a modern French writer, the most rigid censurer of a work is him who composes it. What pains does he take to please himself! It is him who knows it's hidden faults, and that it is scarcely ever there that the critic lays his finger. We cannot but here recollect the saying of a philosopher, on being told that

that a person had spoken of him disrespectfully—"He speaks evil of me. Ah! did he know of me all that I know?"

ORIGIN OF MACARONYISM.

THE following is said to have been the true origin of that once popular folly, Macaronyism.

Folengio Theophilus, of Mantua, known also by the title of Merlin Coccaye, an Italian poet, wrote a poem, the name of which was long after adopted for all trifling performances of the same species. It consisted of buffoonery, puns, anagrams, wit without wisdom, and humour without good sense; and was called, "The Macaroni," from the Italian cakes of the same name, which are sweet to the taste, but have not the smallest degree of alimentary virtue: on the contrary, they pall the appetite, and cloy the stomach. These idle poems soon became the reigning taste, in Italy and in France. They gave birth to Macaroni Academies; and, reaching England, to Macaroni Clubs: till, at last, every thing insipid, contemptible, and ridiculous, in the character, dress, or behaviour, of both men and women, was summed up in the despicable appellation of a Macaroni; which was long, in particular, the common appellation of that most insipid,

insipid, contemptible, and ridiculous character, an effeminate coxcomb.

A PRE-ADAMITE.

At the time when Isaac De la Peyrere, of Bourdeaux, published his book, entitled Les Préadamites, Father Adam, a Jesuit, preached at Paris, a sermon on the Passion; in which he very unadroitly compared the Parisians with the Jews who had crucified our Saviour: the Queen was compared to the Virgin Mary, and Cardinal Mazarine to St. John the Evangelist. The Queen, speaking of this sermon, to the Prince De Guémenée, asked him what was his opinion. "Madam," replied the Prince, "I am a Pre-Adamite; for I do not take Father Adam to be the first man in the world!"

LESSON FOR FREETHINKERS.

The word Freethinking, which in strictness signifies nothing more than a disposition to investigate truth, without being shackled by vulgar prejudices, is now commonly appropriated to those who, from a love of singularity, and the affectation of superior understanding, oppose facts

facts the most universally received and revered, in all ages and countries, by the wisest of men; and would not only dissolve those sacred ties by which society is united, but even destroy every hope of immortality.

The late Mr. Mallet, the poet, who was a Freethinker of this latter description, experienced a remarkable instance of the evil which a promulgation of such notions is calculated to produce in society. This gentleman, indeed, was not only a great Freethinker, but a very free speaker of his free thoughts. He made, in short, no scruple to disseminate his opinions, wherever he could introduce them. Even his wife, at their own table, having imbibed her husband's opinions, would often in the warmth of argument, say—"We Deists!" or, "We Freethinkers!"

The lecture on the *non credenda* of the Freethinkers was repeated so often, and urged with so much earnestness, that the inferior domestics became soon as able disputants as the heads of the family.

The footman, in particular, who waited at table, being thoroughly convinced that, for any of his misdeeds, he should have no after reckoning, was determined to profit by this doctrine. He accordingly made off with many things of value; particularly,

particularly, the plate. Luckily, he was closely pursued, and brought back with his prey to the house of his master, who examined him before some select friends. The man was at first sullen, and would answer no questions; but, being urged to give a reason for his infamous behaviour, he resolutely said—"I had heard you, Sir, so often talk of the impossibility of a future state, and so possitively insist that, after death, there was no reward for virtue, nor punishment of vice, that I was tempted to commit the robbery."—"Well; but, you rascal," replied Mallet, "had you no dread of the gallows?"—"Sir," said the fellow, looking sternly at his master, "what is it to you, if I had a mind to venture that? You had removed my greatest terror; why should I fear the least?"

THE TRADE OF WAR.

WAR, says Brantome, is considered, for the most part, by those who profess it, less as a field of glory, than as a trade.

In 1525, Charles V. attacked, by the Marquis De Pescaire, a place in the Milanese, called Pizighitone. The besieged had three arquebusiers, who were most excellent marksmen. These

men, being stationed to watch at a certain secret place in the wall, kept a strict look out for some Spaniards, on whom they might discharge their guns with a sure effect. It happened that, two of them having stretched dead on the earth Captain Busto and Captain Mercado, the third pointed his arquebuss against the Marquis de Pescaire. But, just as he was about to give fire, an officer of Pavia, named Frantin, stretched forth his hand, and snatched the lighted match; crying out, with a loud voice—"It can never be pleasing to God, that our cruelty should kill so valiant a commander; who is the father of his soldiers, and through whom we are maintained, even now we are enemies: but, on the other hand, let us carefully save his life, that we may gain employ, and not die of hunger in the midst of a long and lazy peace."

Thus was preserved the life of the Marquis De Pescaire: and there was reason in what Frantin advanced; for, as an enemy to peace, and a friend to war, he kept them constantly employed in thus earning their bread.

PLAGUE OF AN AGREEABLE VOICE.

At the time that the famous Jew Bill was debating in the House of Commons, Mr. Pelham, finding

finding the arguments running strongly against him, and that a celebrated member, who had a very pleasing voice, and a happy method of delivery, and was perpetually pestering the minister by opposition, had made no small impression by his last harangue, rose up, and told the following story.

" I remember," said he, " travelling a few years ago, in Somersetshire, with two ladies who were sisters. We were in a very easy carriage, the roads were remarkably good, and we went on particularly pleasant. Notwithstanding this, one of the ladies was in continual terror; crying out, at every little jolt—" O, dear Sir, we shall be over! We shall certainly be killed! I wish I had never ventured on this journey! Bless me! there, again! Well, we shall positively never get out alive." Finding this lady so extremely timorous and apprehensive; I enquired of her sister, whether the coachman was a sober man, and understood his business. To which I was answered, that she had never seen him intoxicated; that he had driven them for many years, without any accident having ever happened; and, that there was not a more able coachman in the whole country. I then enquired, if he was acquainted with the road? To this I was also answered, that nobody knew it better; and, that he

had driven them that very road at least fifty times. These informations made me greatly astonished at the lady's terrors; which not only continued, but seemed much increased. Her sister, however, perceiving my surprise at her behaviour, desired me to make myself quite easy: for, that her sister was really under no apprehensions; but, fancying herself possessed of an agreeable voice, she took every opportunity of hearing it."

CHURCH PREFERMENT.

THAT great and good man, Philip Lord Wharton, who had a considerable hand in bringing about the Revolution, gave the following proof of his high regard for religious liberty.

A living in his lordship's gift having become vacant by the death of the incumbent, a clergyman applied for it; on which his lordship thus addressed him—"It is, Sir, my custom to dispose of the livings of which I am patron, to those who perform these three conditions—In the first place, the minister must pray in my family; I do not mean, read prayers, for any one of my servants is able to do that—In the next place, he must preach in my family, that I may have

have a specimen of his gifts in that way—Thirdly, he is to go to the vacant parish; and if the people approve of him, the living is his."

The worthy clergyman accordingly complied with these conditions, to the perfect satisfaction of all parties, and was immediately afterwards inducted.

FATE OF MODESTY AT COURT.

KING James the First used to say, that he never knew a modest man make his way in a court. As he was one day repeating this expression, David Floyd, who was then in waiting at his Majesty's elbow, replied bluntly—"Pray, Sir, whose fault is that?" The king stood corrected, and was silent.

CONSTRAINED LIBERALITY.

WHEN his present Grace of Northumberland was Earl Percy, and commanded the fifth regiment of foot, at Limerick, in Ireland, after many rubs and hints in the newspapers, he consented to give the officers in garrison a dinner; which he ordered at a tavern, for fifty persons, at eighteenpence a head. The officers hearing this, were resolved

resolved to shew him the superior generosity of their own minds: for which purpose, they went to the tavern-keeper, and desired him to prepare the dinner at a guinea a head, and they would make up the difference. When the company were called into the eating-room, they found a first course of all that the season could afford; a second, still more costly; and a desert of the most expensive kind. The noble earl was quite astonished; and his astonishment grew greater, when champaigne, burgundy, and other of the most costly wines, appeared on the board. But he durst not make any remark. The company drank his health; and admired the splendor and magnificence of the entertainment, which was worthy the house of Percy. So well, in short, did they enjoy it, that they sat to the bottle till eight the next morning, breaking and spilling more than they drank, in order to swell the amount. The noble earl retired early; sent for the landlord; and asked him the reason for such a dinner. The tavern-keeper telling him the truth, his lordship appeared much ashamed of his penurious conduct; desired the whole bill to be brought in next day; and, with a sigh, discharged it!

SEEING THE WORLD.

THE late Sir John Barber was a man of real wit, divested of that ill-natured asperity which is too often mistaken for it.

Sir John had a son, whose character bore little resemblance to that of his excellent father. In a course of extravagance, he had tired himself of this kingdom; and, as it was the fashion to travel, he requested his father's pecuniary assistance for that purpose—"I wish," concluded he, "for nothing more than an oportunity of seeing the world." Sir John having listened to his son with great attention, gravely replied—"Indeed, Jack, I am much pleased with your design; and should not have the smallest objection to your travelling, and seeing the world, provided the world could not see you!"

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN DANISH AND ENGLISH LIBERTY.

THE following anecdote of King William the Third, is related by a French writer; who says, that it affords a trait, which may contribute to convey some knowledge of the genius of the English nation.

Lord

Lord Molesworth, who had been the English minister at the court of Copenhagen, caused to be printed, at the latter end of the last century, a work of considerable merit, called, an Account of Denmark. This author speaks, there, of the arbitrary government of the kingdom, with that freedom which gives the air of liberty respired by an Englishman. The reigning King of Denmark felt himself offended at some reflections of the author, and ordered his ambassador to complain to the King of England.

William III. having listened to the compaint, asked the ambassador what he would have him do.

"Sire," said the Dane, "if your majesty were to complain to the king my master of any similar offence, he would send you the head of the author."

"That," replied William, "is what I neither would, nor dare, do: but, if it be your wish, the author shall put what you tell me in the next edition of his work."

APOLOGY FOR FALSHOOD.

It is a proverb among the Persians, that the lie which saves, is better than the truth which destroys.

A king of Persia having ordered one of his slaves

slaves to be put to death; the unhappy man, in a frenzy of despair, loaded the sovereign with imprecations in a foreign tongue. The king desired to be informed what he so vehemently uttered; when a courtier, of a mild and humane character, thus replied—"This unfortunate man means to say, "Paradise is the portion of those who repress their anger, and pardon other men."

Touched by these words, the king gave a free pardon to his slave.

Soon afterwards, another courtier, who was an enemy of the former, said to his majesty—"It is not allowable to conceal the truth from my sovereign. This man violently abused the king."

"I love far better," said the king, "the falshood that he has invented, than the truth which you tell me: for he was anxious to do good; but you, to do evil!" And, he was immediately driven from the royal presence.

THE CRIMINAL SAVED.

A Good old priest, upwards of eighty, had forty years ago been employed to prepare for death a robber on the highway. He was locked up with the malefactor in a little chapel; and, while engaged in making efforts to produce repentance for his crimes, he perceived that

the man looked distracted, and could with difficulty be induced to attend.

" My dear friend," said he, " do you consider that, in a few hours, you must appear before God? Why, then, are you not touched by this important consideration?"—" You are in the right, my good father," replied the criminal: " but I cannot get out of my mind, that it is only in your power to save my life; and such an idea is very sufficient to turn my brain."—" How could I effect that?" said the priest; " and, were it even in my power, would it not serve only to occasion an increase of crimes?"—" If that consideration alone stops you," replied the criminal, " you may depend on my word: I have seen death too nearly, ever to have the smallest inclination for recommencing such dangerous and detestable practices."

The good priest did all that could be done by a feeling mind, on such an occasion; he listened to him in silence. The chapel was enlightened only by a single window, which was near the roof, and elevated more than fourteen feet.

" You have only," said the criminal, " to place your chair near the altar: you can then stand on the chair; and permit me to mount your shoulders, from whence I can easily gain the roof."

The

The priest gave the requisite assistance, and replaced the chair in it's usual situation.

In about three hours time, the executioner, impatient, unlocked the door, and asked what was become of the prisoner? "He must have been an angel," coolly replied the good father;" for, on the faith of a priest, he went out at that window." The executioner, who was likely to lose by the affair, hoped it was only a joke, and ran to inform the judges. They proceeded to the chapel, where the good man was seated; and he, pointing to the window, protested on his conscience that the thief fled through it, and that it was not his business to guard him. The magistrates, on this recital, were unable to preserve their gravity: and, having wished a good voyage to the flying malefactor, took their leave.

Twenty years afterwards, this priest, passing near Ardennes, had strayed out of his road, and lost his way, towards the close of the evening. A kind of peasant met the good old man; asked whither he was going so late; and, observing that the roads were dangerous, told him that, if he would trust himself to his protection, he would conduct him to a farm-house which was not very distant, where he might pass the night in comfort. The priest, quite at a loss, yielded himself to his conductor, but not without ap-

prehensions. On entering the house, the peasant said to his wife, "Kill quickly the best fowls in the poultry-yard, to regale our guest." While supper was preparing, eight children appeared; and the father said to them—"My dear children, thank this good priest: if it had not been for him, you would have never entered the world, nor myself have remained in it; for he saved my life." The priest recollected the features of this man; and recognised, in fact, him whose escape he had favoured.

"My father," said the peasant, "I have kept my word with you, and am resolved to live and die an honest man. I came to this farm; where I entered into the service of a master who, satisfied of my fidelity and attachment, permitted me to espouse his only daughter, with whom I live happy in the bosom of my family. Dispose of me, and of all that I have; I could die contentedly this day, since I have again found you, and am enabled to testify my gratitude. The priest was sensibly affected by this fortunate incident: and, having remained a few days, with his friend the farmer, he took his leave; thanking the Almighty for all the blessings which he had so bountifully bestowed on this converted criminal.

A SOLDIER'S DISDAIN OF USURY.

A MENDICANT, at Paris, imploring alms of a soldier, addressed him in this manner—"Give me something, for the love of God, and I will pray to him for you." The soldier, throwing the beggar a few pieces of money, cried out—"Friend, take this, and thank God for thyself; I do not lend my money on usury."

HUNTERS OF MEN.

THE following anecdote, a French writer remarks, affords a singular idea of the savages of Canada, where the circumstance is said to have happened.

Two parties of Indians, but of different tribes, met by chance on the borders of a river. One, among them, enquired of the opposite party, who they were, and what was their business. They mentioned the name of their country; and said, that they were engaged in hunting beavers. They then asked the others the same questions; who replied, that their name was a matter of indifference, but that they were hunters of men. "Very well!" replied the other party,

party, "we are men; you need not go any farther to seek them."

The two parties then agreed to land on a little island in the river; and, having destroyed their canoes, to prevent any possibility of retreat, they began an engagement, at the end of which there remained alive only a small number of the beaver hunters, and a single hunter of men. Him they permitted to live; that he might go and inform those of his nation, he had met with a tribe of Indians who knew how to hunt men better than they did.

THE NOBLE-MINDED NEGRO.

An inhabitant of St. Domingo possessed a negro, who had for a long time solicited that liberty which his services abundantly merited: but the thing which entitled him to receive it, was precisely that which prevented his master's acquiescence; he was found too useful. Thus, the more earnestly the negro pressed to obtain his liberty—which had, indeed, been promised him—the more pretexts were found to elude or defer the execution of this promise. His master, it is true, attempted not to conceal from this good servant, how sensible he was of the value of such an attachment: but, whatever there might be

be of flattery for the negro in these refusals, they were so far from abating the desire which he felt to become free, that they served only the more violently to increase his vexation. He resolved, therefore, on employing another method; that of purchasing himself: estimating, too, the price of his freedom, by the reasons which had induced the master not to perform his promise.

In some parts of St. Domingo, the inhabitants neither find food nor cloathing for their negroes; but grant them, for these objects, a certain portion of land, with liberty to cultivate it two hours every day. Thus, those who are industrious, not only procure necessaries; but, frequently, a superfluity, which they employ in some business, more or less considerable, according to their means, and the degree of skill or sagacity which they possess.

At the end of a few years, our slave had amassed more than sufficient for the purchase of his liberty. He then sought his master; mentioned the resolution which he had taken to acquire his freedom; offered to pay the price of any other negro; and, at the same time, presented the money.

The master, astonished, stood a few minutes motionless. "Go!" said he, "I have sufficiently

ciently trafficked with the liberty of my fellow creatures; enjoy thine, and restore me to myself."

It was not long before he disposed of his estates and effects; and, having remained in St. Domingo only till he could convert the whole into notes and cash, he returned to France.

This gentleman, to reach his native province, where he proposed spending the remainder of his days, was under the necessity of passing through Paris. That gay city, however, proved to him by far too attractive; since he was unable to quit it, and spared no pains to support the idea of opulence which is attached to the very name of a West Indian. To women, feasting, play, public amusements, parties of pleasure of every description—in short, to every source of extravagance—he compleatly abandoned himself; and his fortune was speedily dissipated.

In this unhappy state, he was at length constrained to take some resolution. But what could he do? Should he continue in France? A man ruined in fortune, is without credit; and, consequently, without resources. Should he return to the West Indies? What a humiliation, and how shocking the embarrassment! At length, after reflecting on every thing, he flattered himself that he should find most resources

in,

in, and considered as most certain, the attachment of those, from whom he derived the riches which he had gained at St. Domingo, than the friendship of those Parisians who had laboured only to effect his ruin, and accordingly determined on embarking.

His arrival at the Cape surprised every one. They soon learned his misfortunes: he was commiserated; but no person offered him the smallest assistance. His former friends—that is to say, those connections in society which are thus denominated—beheld, in him, only a remembrancer of past pleasures which he had promoted, and felt little disposed to admit his participation in any of their present enjoyments. Even those who owed him personal obligations had never entertained any regard for his welfare: a shocking example; but which adds only one, to twenty thousand others, every day passing before our eyes, without curing any person whatever of the madness of such friendships! He was reduced, therefore, to the necessity of living in the lowest public houses by the water-side, and other miserable resorts of wretchedness and indigence.

Hitherto, he had not seen his old negro; either from ignorance of what was become of him, or from shame of appearing before him in

the state to which he found himself reduced. But the negro, who kept a hotel, having heard of his misfortunes, and discovered his retreat, was presently at the feet of his "dearest master," his "dearest benefactor!" These were the words which he uttered, amidst sobs and groans of anguish, on beholding the forlorn condition of his old master.

His zeal was not limitted to vain expressions of pity; he gave his master a plentiful establishment in his own house. But, in a short time, beginning to consider himself as in his master's situation, he feelingly perceived all idea of self-importance humiliated; the scorn inseparable from indigence; the internal grief which every species of dependence occasions. He anticipated the weight which must necessarily be sustained by a free and generous mind, reduced to the necessity of accepting such beneficence. "My dear master," said he, one day, at the same time throwing himself at his feet, and embracing his knees, "I owe to you all that I am; dispose, then, of all that I have. Quit this country, where your misfortunes are perpetually giving birth to reflections which can only increase them; and abandon, for ever, those ungrateful wretches, who preserve no remembrance of your former kindnesses."

"How

" How can I possibly exist in France?"

" Ah! my dear master," replied the negro, " your slave will be sufficiently happy, if he can prevail on you to accept, without difficulty, a small tribute of his gratitude. Will you, then, have the goodness to grant him that favour?"

The heart of his master was too full for him to make any answer: he stood petrified with astonishment.

The generous man proceeded—" Will fifteen hundred livres a year be sufficient."

" Oh! it is too much, it is too much!" replied the master, bursting into tears.

Instantly, the negro quitted him; and, on his return, presented to his old master a deed duly executed, in which he granted him an annuity of fifteen hundred livres.

" This planter," says the French writer from whom this anecdote is translated, " now actually resides in France, and receives every year his pension, of which there are six months always paid in advance. The negro," he adds, " is named Louis Desrouleaux. I have seen him at the Cape, where he still keeps a hotel."

How few, of any complexion, possess minds equally noble with that of Louis Desrouleaux, the noble-minded negro!

SINGULAR REVENGE OF AN ENGLISH NAVAL OFFICER.

THE following very curious American anecdote is related by Dr. Burnaby.

"I cannot," says the Doctor, "take leave of the province of Massachusett's Bay, without relating a very extraordinary story, communicated to me by persons of undoubted credit, as it tends to illustrate the character and manners of it's inhabitants.

"Some years ago, a commander of one of his Majesty's ships of war, being stationed at Boston, had orders to cruise, from time to time, in order to protect our trade, and distress the enemy. It happened, unluckily, that he returned from one of his cruises on a Sunday; and, as he had left his lady at Boston, the moment she heard of the ship's arrival, she hastened down to the water-side, in order to receive him. The captain, on landing, embraced her with tenderness and affection. This, as there were several spectators, gave great offence, and was considered as an act of indecency, and a flagrant profanation of the sabbath. The next day, therefore, he was summoned before the magistrates: who, with many severe rebukes, and pious exhortations, ordered him to be publicly whipped.

whipped. The captain stifled his indignation and resentment as much as possible; and, as the punishment, from the frequency of it, was not attended with any great degree of ignominy or disgrace, he mixed with the best company, was well received by them, and they were apparently good friends. At length, the time of the station expired, and he was recalled. He went, therefore, with seeming concern, to take leave of his worthy friends; and, that they might spend one more happy day together before their final separation, he invited the principal magistrates, and select men, to dine with him on board his ship on the day of his departure. They accepted the invitation, and nothing could be more joyous and convivial than the entertainment which he gave them.

"At length the fatal moment arrived that was to separate them. The anchor was a-peak; the sails were unfurled; and nothing was wanting, but the signal to get under way. The captain, after taking an affectionate leave of his worthy friends, accompanied them on deck, where the boatswain and crew were in readiness to receive them. He there thanked them afresh for the civilities they had shewn him; of which, he said, he should retain an eternal remembrance, and to which he wished it had been in his power

to

to have made a more adequate return. One point of civility, only, remained to be adjusted between them; which, as it was in his power, so he meant most fully to recompense them. He then reminded them of what had passed; and, ordering the crew to pinion them, had them brought, one by one, to the gangway, where the boatswain stripped off their shirts, and with a cat of nine tails laid on the back of each forty stripes save one. They were, then, amidst the shouts and acclamations of the crew, shoved into their boats; and the captain, immediately getting under way, sailed for England."

INFLUENCE OF PECUNIARY OBLIGATIONS ON FREEDOM OF SENTIMENT.

THE following anecdote of Mr. Addison is related by Dr. Birch.

"Addison, and Mr. Temple Stanyan, were very intimate. In the familiar conversations which passed between them, they were accustomed freely to dispute each other's opinions. On some occasion, Mr. Addison lent Stanyan five hundred pounds. After this, Mr. Stanyan behaved with a timid reserve, deference, and respect; not conversing with the same freedom as formerly, or canvassing his friend's sentiments. This

This gave great uneasiness to Mr. Addison. One day, they happened to fall on a subject, on which Mr. Stanyan had always been used strenuously to oppose his opinion. But, even on this occasion, he gave way to what his friend advanced, without interposing his own view of the matter. This hurt Mr. Addison so much, that he said to Mr. Stanyan, "Either contradict me, or pay me the money."

PRECEDENCE.

THE ladies of the two presidents of the courts of justice and revenue, at Cleves, were continually disputing about their respective ranks; and the lady of the president of the court of justice insisted that, in all public places, she was entitled to a rank superior to the other. This enraged her rival to such a degree, that she wrote to the king, and intreated that he would decide which of the two ladies had a right "to go first."

On which the king, Frederick the Great, wrote back to her the following laconic answer—

"The greatest fool goes first.

"FREDERICK."

INCORRUPTIBLE

INCORRUPTIBLE INTEGRITY OF THE LATE LORD RODNEY.

DURING the time when Sir George Rodney, since Admiral Lord Rodney, resided in Paris, to repair his deranged circumstances, so great was his indigence, that he frequently knew not where to apply for a dinner. Monsieur De Sartine, the French minister of the marine, being no stranger to his professional abilities, thought this a proper time to wean his affections from his country, and therefore employed the Duke De Biron to make him an offer of the command of the French West India fleet, with a sum of money that should restore him to independence.

The duke, in consequence of this design, invited Sir George to spend a month at his house; and, in the course of that time, frequently sounded him, with great delicacy, on the subject. But, not being able to make himself properly understood, he at last openly declared to him that, as his royal master meant the West Indies to be the theatre of the then war, he was commissioned to make the handsomest offers to Sir George, if he would quit the English service, and take on him the command of a French squadron. Sir George, after hearing the duke with great temper,

per, spiritedly made him this answer—" Sir, my distresses, it is true, have driven me from the bosom of my country; but no temptation whatever can estrange me from it's service. Had this offer been a voluntary one of your own, I should have deemed it an insult; but I am glad to learn, that it proceeds from a quarter that " *can do no wrong!*"

The Duke De Biron was so struck with the public virtue of the old British tar, that he instantly exclaimed—" It is a pity so gallant an officer should be lost to his country. Will a thousand louis d'ors enable you to revisit it, and tender your services to your sovereign?" The other replying that they would, the duke immediately advanced him that sum; with which Sir George set out the next day for England, where he had not arrived a week before he returned the duke's loan, accompanied with the most grateful letter for the singular obligation which he had so politely conferred on him.

The consequence is well known to have been the destruction of the very fleet that he had been ineffectually tempted to take under his command, to which we were chiefly indebted for the peace that almost immediately followed, in the memorable year 1783.

THE PRETENDER.

In a letter from Hume, the celebrated historian, to Sir John Pringle, written in 1773, are the following curious anecdotes of the Pretender.

"That the present Pretender was in London in the year 1753, I know with the greatest certainty; besause I had it from Lord Marechal, who said it consisted with his certain knowledge. Two or three days after his lordship gave me this information, he told me that, the evening before, he had learned several curious particulars from a lady—whom I imagined to be Lady Primrose, though my lord refused to name her. The Pretender came to her house in the evening, without giving her any preparatory information, and entered the room when she had a pretty large company with her, and was herself playing at cards. He was announced by the servant under another name: she thought the cards would have dropped from her hands on seeing him; but she had presence enough of mind to call him by the name he assumed, to ask him when he came to England, and how long he intended to stay there. After he and all the company went away, the servants remarked

marked how wonderfully like the strange gentleman was to the prince's picture which hung on the chimney-piece, in the very room in which he entered. My lord added—I think, from the authority of the same lady—that he used so little precaution, that he went abroad openly in day-light in his own dress, only laying aside his blue ribband and star; walked once through St. James's, and took a turn in the Mall.

" About five years ago, I told this story to Lord Holderness, who was secretary of state in the year 1753; and I added, that I supposed this piece of intelligence had at that time escaped his lordship. " By no means," said he; " and who do you think first told it me? It was the king himself; who subjoined, " And what do you think, my lord, I should do with him?" Lord Holderness owned, that he was puzzled how to reply; for, if he declared his real sentiments, they might savour of indifference to the royal family. The king perceived his embarrassment; and extricated him from it, by adding, " My lord, I shall just do nothing at all; and, when he is tired of England, he will go abroad again." I think this story, for the honour of the late king, ought to be generally known.

" But what will surprise you more, Lord Marechal, a few days after the coronation of the present king, told me that he believed the young Pretender was at that time in London; or, at least, had been so very lately, and had come over to see the shew of the coronation, and had actually seen it. I asked my lord the reason for this strange fact. " Why," says he, " a gentleman told me so that saw him there; and, that he even spoke to him, and whispered in his ears these words—" Your royal highness is the last of all mortals whom I should expect to see here."—" It was curiosity that led me," said the other; " but, I assure you," added he, " that the person who is the object of all this pomp and magnificence, is the man I envy the least." You see this story is so near traced from the fountain head, as to wear a great face of probability. Query—What if the Pretender had taken up Dymock's gauntlet?

" I find that the Pretender's visit in England, in the year 1753, was known to all the Jacobites; and some of them have assured me, that he took the opportunity of formally renouncing the Roman Catholic religion, under his own name of Charles Stuart, in the new church in the Strand; and, that this is the reason of the bad treatment he met with at the court of Rome.

I own,

I own, that I am a sceptic with regard to the last particulars.

Lord Marechal had a very bad opinion of this unfortunate prince, and thought there was no vice so mean or atrocious of which he was not capable; of which he gave me several instances. My lord, though a man of great honour, may be thought a discontented courtier; but what quite confirmed me in that idea of the prince, was a conversation I had with Helvetius, at Paris, which I believe I have told you. In case I have not, I shall mention a few particulars. That gentleman told me, that he had no acquaintance with the Pretender—" But some time after that prince was chaced out of France, a letter," said he, " was brought me from him, in which he told me that the necessity of his affairs obliged him to be at Paris; and, as he knew me, by character, to be a man of the greatest probity and honour in France, he would trust himself to me, if I would promise to conceal and protect him. I own," added Helvetius to me, " although I knew the danger to be greater of harbouring him at Paris, than at London; and, although I thought the family of Hanover not only the lawful sovereigns in England, but the only lawful sovereigns in Europe, as having the full and free consent of the people, yet was I such

a dupe

a dupe to his flattery, that I invited him to my house; concealed him there, going and coming, near two years; had all his correspondence pass through my hands; met with his partizans upon Pont Neuf; and found, at last, that I had incurred all this danger and trouble for the most unworthy of all mortals: insomuch, that I have been assured, when he went down to Nantz, to embark on his expedition to Scotland, he took fright, and refused to go on board; and his attendants, thinking the matter gone too far, and that they would be affronted for his cowardice, carried him in the night-time into the ship, *pieds et mains lies.*" I asked him, if he meant literally. "Yes," said he, "literally: they tied him, and carried him by main force." What think you now of this hero and conqueror?

"Both Lord Marechal, and Helvetius, agree that, with all this strange character, he was no bigot; but, rather, had learned, from the philosophers at Paris, to affect a contempt of all religion. You must know, that both these persons thought they were ascribing to him an excellent quality. Indeed, both of them used to laugh at me, for my narrow way of thinking in these particulars. However, my dear Sir John, I hope you will do me the justice to acquit me.

"I doubt

"I doubt not but these circumstances will appear curious to Lord Hardwicke, to whom you will please to present my respects. I suppose his Lordship will think this unaccountable mixture of temerity and timidity in the same character not a little singular."

To this account of the Pretender, by Hume, may be added, that he died at Rome in March 1788. He had, after the death of his father in 1765, assumed the title of King of Great Britain; but, on the Continent, was commonly known by that of the Chevalier St. George. He was just sixty-seven years and two months old, being born on the 30th of November 1720. His mother was the greatest fortune in Europe; she was the Princess Maria Clementina Sobieski, grand-daughter of the famous John Sobieski, King of Poland, who beat the Turks near Vienna. She died, January 18, 1736. He married, some years ago, a Princess of Stolberg, in Germany; but by her he left no issue. He left, however, a natural daughter, who by his assumed royal power he created Dutchess of Albany, and to her he bequeathed all his property in the French funds, which was very considerable.

THE HUMAN FACE A FIRMAMENT.

THOUGH an infinite variety exists in the features of the face, among all mankind in general; there is, nevertheless, in every human face, in particular, imprinted by the movement of the passions, what may seem to jusify the imagination of an ingenious modern wit respecting the plurality of worlds. For example, in the sublunary world, every rational individual composes a world different from all others of the same species. We may call the face, where it is represented, a firmament in miniature, in which the eyes hold the same rank as the sun and the moon in the azure vault of the planets. The meetings and oppositions of the passions do not badly represent the ecliptic, where the stars experience a sensible alteration. The passions themselves are like the circle of the Zodiac; that is to say, an assemblage of curious animals of different species, which all appear, in turns, on the scene, to perform a part often very opposite to reason, but still conformable to nature.

TWO SLAVES FOR THE PRICE OF ONE.

A man of property presented his son to a philosopher, entreating him to take the charge of

of his education. "I am willing," said the philosopher, "provided you give me a thousand crowns."—"The price is exorbitant," returned the father of the youth; "for that sum, I can buy a slave, from whom I may derive a great deal of other service, besides that of educating my son."—"You may," replied the philosopher; "and you will thus have two slaves instead of one."

REASONS FOR A WISE MAN'S SILENCE.

TAKE away from the conversations of the generality of persons, in most companies, their slanders against the absent, their shallow criticisms, their ignorant political opinions, and their barren witticisms against religion, and you will find that, on a just calculation, those who speak the most, do not say more than those who keep a profound silence. It is for this reason, that a man of sense prefers always passing even for stupid, by his taciturnity, to the infamous talent of shining at the expence of religion, of the laws, of men of genius, and of his neighbours, to divert those who are falsely named great wits, or rejoice the hearts of men who want judgment, justice, and humanity.

A babler being at table with a number of persons, among whom was one of the seven sages of Greece, expressed his astonishment that a man so wise did not utter a single word. The sage instantly replied—"A fool cannot hold his tongue."

IDLENESS THE CAUSE OF ACTIVITY.

WHO would believe it? Idleness, that passion so indolent and inactive, which seems to render torpid all the other passions of the soul, and to rust, as it may be said, their springs of action, is nevertheless the secret cause of all the great movements which we see made in the world. We should never labour so much, and in so many different ways, but for the sake of one day reposing ourselves, at ease, in the bosom of peace and inactivity. Pyrrhus, for example, that king so active and restless, proposed to himself no other end of all his fatiguing enterprises, than to taste, at a long distant day, the sweetness of the repose which he abandoned. What weakness! and how paradoxical! to seek a thing, in the neglect of the very thing itself; peace, in the tumult of war.

PLEASURE AND PAIN.

THOUGH pleasure and pain are usually opposed one to the other, they are nevertheless inseparable in this life, and always alternately succeed to each other. The end of pain is a sensation of pleasure; and the end of pleasure is chagrin, uneasiness, or mortification, which may all be denominated pain.

Hence, in suffering, arises a source of solace; and, in enjoyment, of apprehension.

POWER AND RICHES WITHOUT VIRTUE.

POWER and riches, in the hands of a man destitute of virtue, may be compared to a two-edged sword in the hands of a madman; incapable of any good, and liable to every evil, consequence.

The extended dominions, and vast opulence, of a king of Persia, were one day extolled in the presence of a Lacedemonian king; he, however, far from feeling the smallest envy at this superiority, only asked—"Is he wiser and more virtuous than me?"

MODERN SURGEONS TOO PROMPT WITH THE KNIFE.

" THE casuists," says Mr. Andrews, in his Anecdotes, &c. Ancient and Modern, " might amuse themselves with settling whether the following action should be ranged under the banners of justice or inhumanity.

" The Editor," meaning himself, which certainly gives authority to the fact, " had a friend, who studied at a celebrated university; and, having a strong predilection for anatomy, took great pleasure in attending on dissections. One evening he, with many others, were anxiously attending the commencement of that operation, on the body of a notorious malefactor, which lay stretched out on the table before them: the surgeon, who had been placing it in a proper position, turning to the company, addressed them thus—" I am pretty certain, gentlemen, from the warmth of the subject, and the flexibility of the limbs, that by a proper degree of attention and care, the vital heat would return, and life, in consequence, take place. But then, when it is considered what a rascal we should again have among us; that he was executed for having murdered a girl who was with child by him; and

and that, were he to be restored to life, he would probably murder somebody else: when all these things are coolly considered, I own, it is my opinion, that we had better proceed with the dissection." With these words, he plunged the knife into the breast of the carcase, and precluded at once all dread of future assassinations, or hopes of future repentance!"

This premature use of the knife—for premature, at least, we certainly are of opinion it was—forms the grand vice of modern surgeons. Their unwillingness to lose a subject for operations, it is to be feared—of which melancholy instances might be produced—occasions not only torrents of tears, but of blood, to flow, and not only the loss of limbs, but of lives, almost every hour of every day, in London alone, and the evil seems fast extending to the country also.

How very opposite, and how much to be commended, is the practice of those humane physicians who recommend, even after the last vital spark seems extinct, the use of means calculated to produce, if possible, resuscitation; and whose laudable efforts have been blessed with such success, that more than a thousand persons have actually been restored to their friends, after apparent death by drowning, strangulation, &c.

under

under the auspices of the Royal Humane Society alone, since it's first establishment in London about twenty years ago!

PREJUDICES OF A GRAVE GENTLEMAN AGAINST PERIODICAL PUBLICATIONS.

We have reason to believe, that the character described by Monsieur de Marivaux, in his Spectateur François, Number VI. published in 1722, is still to be found; and, that it's influence is frequently not a little fatal to periodical works which possess, at least, equal proportionable merit with publications of larger size.

"I was," says this ingenious writer, "one day amusing myself in a bookseller's shop, by looking over his books. There came in an elderly man, who seemed, by his appearance, to be a person of great gravity. He asked the bookseller, with the air of a good connoisseur, if he had any thing new. "I have the Spectator," replied the bookseller. Immediately my gentleman placed his hand on a large book, of which the binding was quite new, and said, "Is it this?"—"No, Sir," replied the bookseller, "the Spectator appears only in Numbers, and here it is."—"Poh!" returned the other, "what would you have me do with these few leaves!

leaves! They can only be filled with trifles; you have but little to do, when you find leisure for printing such things."

"Have you read this Spectator," said the bookseller. "Me! Read it!" replied he, "No, Sir, I read only what is good, rational, or instructive; and those qualities, I apprehend, are not to be found in your Numbers. They are commonly nothing more than the trivial efforts of young folks, who may have some little of the scholar's vivacity, a few sallies more dull than brilliant, and who take the unfortunate twists of their brain to be new methods of thinking with delicacy and precision. I have no relish for them, my dear Sir; I am not curious in puerile originalities."

"In fact," said I, thinking it now high time to join the conversation, "I am quite of the gentleman's opinion. He speaks like a person of sense; these things in numbers are mere bagatelles! Reason, good sense, and address, can they be possibly contained in so small a quantity of paper? Does it not necessarily follow, that these great qualities must have a large space to contain them. Would a great genius ever think of writing otherwise than in great volumes. Of what weight can ideas possibly be, which are confined in so few pages, that a breath

breath of air would disperse the whole impression. Were it even possible that their ideas should be reasonable, is it fitting for the dignity of a person of fifty years of age, for example, to read a flying leaf, a plaything of a pamphlet? It would metamorphose him into a boy, dishonour the gravity of his character, and every way degrade him. No, at this age, all wise men, all men of science, should open only a folio, or at least a quarto; large volumes, respectable by their bulk, and which, while one reads, are displayed in a decent manner, so that, on viewing the title-page only, a man may say familiarly to himself—" Ha! see what is proper for a man serious like myself, and of so profound reflection! Spread over these, he feels as if immersed in a philosophical solitude, where he tastes, in tranquillity, the pleasures of reflection, which nourishes him with spiritual aliments, relished only by the gravity of wisdom. Well, Sir, what say you? Is not this your opinion?"

" This discourse a little staggered my gentleman. He was at a loss whether to be angry or silent. I did not wait for his determination."

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